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WHAT D'YA SMOKE?

New Republic

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ATTLEE IN PEKING

What Is The Delegation Seeing—and Believing?

BY MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

Personally we know of nothing more exasperating than a vacation. In Washington we have our pulse on national affairs; at least that is our illusion. We read eight or 10 newspapers a day. We see the weeklies and monthlies. The UP ticker keeps a running commentary of latest "flashes." At the Senate press gallery or the Press Club bar we exchange notes with colleagues. Every spectacular Congressional hearing or debate is a theatrical show for our benefit, and the President holds a weekly press conference where the questions as much as the answers are part of the never-ending appraisal of trends, opinions and developments. The last word we hear at night is the radio news broadcaster in a world where ultimately the evaluation of events becomes almost automatic.

Then Congress leaves town, the President leaves town and TRB leaves town. We don't know about the other two but it drops us beside a mountain pond where the *New York Times* may, or may not, be delivered, where mail comes once a day, where a couple of companionable bats circle the cabin after supper and then depart after a while as noiselessly as they arrive, where the radio is a peculiarly infuriating mixture of static, advertising, Fulton Lewis, tag ends of half-heard news either misinterpreted out of context or fading at just the crucial moment. Up on our hilltop we get all the station identification announcements, which seem to bounce around among adjacent mountains, till Chicago blends into Louisville, Ky., the big Schenectady station merges into the Canadian Broadcasting Company and one never knows from the weather report whether it is our mountains that are the forecaster's target or in the Maritime provinces.

The dashing thing about this experience is the discovery by the Washington correspondent of how very unimportant Washington is, anyway. Probably this is salutary. We learn resentfully that the world manages to blunder along even if we don't get our *New York Times* till two days late. We find that neighbors only take a rather distant and casual interest in Washington anyway. We are prepared to pour out a brilliantly informed appraisal of the importance of the Texas gubernatorial run-off and of Ike's latest "non-political" speeches—detailed and documented with quietly profound marginalia. But people restrain their interest. The subject gets diverted to crops, weather, the Yankees, or pink organdy (if there are women present). National affairs are shelved for the time being. This is probably good discipline for the correspondent. He learns again that he has come out of a fever ward. He is reminded of the enormous time lag between a pebble dropped in the Washington puddle and the ripple at the end of the American lake; he discovers again why Capitol politicians are almost exclusively preoccupied with trying to make contact with the folks back home. Above all he appreciates once more the continental vastness of the United States when it comes to crystallizing out any mass reaction.

It is this column's opinion that America's tepid interest in politics and national affairs are the result and not the cause of incompetent news dissemination media. Reading some of the local newspapers picked up en route, or listening to the chance broadcasters tuned in one wonders how the public does as well as it does. The French Government defends its national culture jealously. In any part of Britain you can get the admirable BBC news round-up. From Canada (at our particular vacation site) comes about the best commentary on what is going on in the world from the state-operated CBC trans-continental system. The orthodox American thesis is that this government intervention is all wrong and socialistic. Personally, we have always felt that the state owed a responsibility to its people to give access to impartial news and to protect the cultural heritage against commercial perversion. But in the United States so far is this from being true that even the public schools are starved in the world's wealthiest nation, and the news presentation is too often a sorry affair when subordinated to breakfast food advertising.

Well, the fact is nevertheless that the big fall election campaign is just beginning and that it comes at a time of world crisis. Getting outside of Washington is important. In our travels we find an almost universal liking for Eisenhower. There is a tendency to blame mistakes on "advisers." Ike is regarded frequently as above politics—the image of a good man somehow set down among unworthy partisans. Exasperating as this conception is to a congenital New Dealer, it is yet vital, we believe, in the election ahead. For in the struggle it is not Ike's popularity that is at stake but these "advisers," these politicians of either party who are looked upon askance. The voters we have talked to do not seem to identify Ike with the issues that principally stir them. (We have yet to strike a casual acquaintance, incidentally, who knew the name of his Congressman; another fact probably of profound importance, tending to support the impersonality of the struggle.) The battle centers over local geographical issues: taxes, farm prices, employment and the like.

For our own part, we are willing to hazard an election guess now. We would bet on the Democrats winning the House. In the House the Democrats have the advantage of the normal off-year swing back to the "Outs"—a mechanical advantage of great importance. But above that we have the feeling that the public, at heart, is less conservative than the 83rd businessman's Congress showed itself and that many a voter with no very clearly defined ideological pattern is going to express resentment over some specific give-away bill or other applied to local circumstances. "Ike is a fine fellow, but we don't like his advisers." It is his "advisers," in the form of local Congressmen, who are up for election.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Breach of Promise

NORTH and west of the Mason-Dixon Line, the Democrats now have only two genuinely rural Congressmen. Republicans represent every one of the other 160 predominantly rural Congressional districts outside the South. Sixty Midwest candidates for Congressman, Senator or Governor gathered for a Democratic campaign clinic at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on August 29 to agree on ways to change this.

Democratic leaders privately concede that it will be hard to overcome President Eisenhower's "peace and prosperity" claims with the majority of his 1952 supporters. To gain control of the next Congress the Opposition counts above all else on agricultural economics.

In signing the new farm bill passed by the 83rd Congress, President Eisenhower made much of what the law will give the farmer "over the years"—"a healthier, more prosperous farm economy, a more stable income, and a steadier buying power" . . . over the years. But immediately, in 1955, the statistics indicate that farm income will continue down, even beyond the 13 percent by which farmers' incomes have declined in the 19 months since Eisenhower took office. The Democrats will tell farm voters this fall what the expert forecasters see ahead for next year—a further decline of 4 to 5 percent.

Principal losses will be felt in the great wheat and cotton producing states. Price supports are radically changed by the Eisenhower farm law. For 1955, of the "basic" products now supported, only tobacco will continue at 90 percent of parity. (Parity is a price established by law as fair to farmers in relation to the prices they must pay.) Wheat, cotton, corn, peanuts and rice will be supported at any point between 82.5 and 90 percent which Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson chooses. After 1955, the support level for these crops drops, by the new law, to anywhere between 75 and 90 percent.

"Over the years," the Administration says, lower farm prices will bring greater consumption of food. And since farm income equals "price times production," ultimately the farmer's position will improve. The Administration, however, holds out no immediate promise of more consumption to change the arithmetic. And Secretary Benson ignores the fact that the farmer's share of the consumer dollar since 1945 has dropped from 56 cents to 42 cents.

All this bad news for the farmers makes fine political copy for the Democrats. At Sioux Falls, Adlai Stevenson joined Democratic Farm Belt candidates in calling attention to Eisenhower's "cynical and total breach of promise" on farm policy. The 1954 nominee enthusiastically joined in a statement pledging "farm price supports of 90 percent of parity or better on all commodities." Mr. Stevenson, however, reserved the right to continue seeking for some better way.

Speaking to Democrats extremely favorable to high, rigid farm price supports, the 1952 Presidential candidate stated the opinion that: "90 percent supports are not necessarily the permanent or only answer." "The old system was far from perfect," he went on. "There was a mechanism for acquiring but not for the management and disposal of surpluses. It benefited the least the farmers who needed the help the most; and it is hard to reconcile high support prices, tariffs and quotas with a liberal international trade policy. . . . Perhaps the solution does not lie in just the alternatives of the so-called flexible price supports demanded by the Administration and 90 percent support."

And having refused to subscribe to the politically popular idea—with his farm supporters—of "90 percent supports or more for everything," Mr. Stevenson turned a favorable eye on what even Truman considered political poison in 1948—the Brannan Plan for marketing food surpluses.

"Perhaps the proposals to allow prices to find their level and provide direct payments to sustain guaranteed income . . . should be re-examined even by scornful Republicans." The statement of the 1954 candidates steered clear of the Brannan Plan.

Mr. Stevenson's independence shocked the orthodox at Sioux Falls. But his hotel suite was crowded all the same by "rigid 90 percenters" looking for seats on his 1956 bandwagon. And Candidate Stevenson will have no such burden of hasty promises to bear as Candidate Eisenhower shouldered for himself at Kasson in '52.

Dulles to Manila

FIVE MONTHS after his March 29 call for "united action" in Southeast Asia, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is on his way to Manila to negotiate a South East Asia Treaty Organization. Talks with representatives of Britain,

It's okay—I'm doing the same thing.

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France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and the Philippines begin September 6. Of the Colombo Powers (India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon) only Pakistan will be represented —and by an observer only.

During these five months, a great deal has been written about the kind of defense alliance the West should try for if Communist expansion in that area is to be challenged effectively. Throughout the debate, the *NR* has held to the view that a purely military alliance would be worse than useless, for two reasons: (1) the threat in Southeast Asia is not primarily from aggression, but from internal subversion exploiting the just political grievances and the abysmal living conditions of the people there; (2) Southeast Asia is first and foremost the Colombo Powers, and although these nations, now and in varying degrees, are determined to keep out of the Cold War, any alliance aimed at the security of the entire area must begin by bidding for at least their passive approval. Faced with Communist propaganda about Western imperialism ("The Devil we know," as one Asian put it), only a "new situation" brought about through repeated demonstrations of good will, would ultimately give the West a chance to win.

Dulles and the men he will meet in Manila will to a great extent determine the future success or failure of the Western maneuver begun with the freeing of Indo-China. There is much suspicion and a great deal of "neutralism" still to be overcome, especially among the peoples of the Colombo Powers. The greatest danger is that the treaty organization will be so organized that charges of its being an "imperialistic tool" will stick. Dulles seems to have done a lot of thinking during the past five months. Reports indicate that he has moved a long way toward the British view: that in order to establish a flexible framework which will appeal to and in time be expanded to include other nations, he will agree to a pact calling for mutual economic and anti-subversion assistance as well as military aid. It is expected that Britain will further urge that a line be drawn and the Communists warned not to cross it.

Whatever the agreement on principles, the treaty must be given the kind of machinery which will permit it to operate efficiently. Temptations to incorporate language aimed more at appealing to American voters at the polls than to the still suspicious Asians will be strong and dangerous. As will be Dulles' fear of doing anything which may be denounced as appeasement by the extremists in his party. And once he has returned, if the conference is successful, there will be the constantly recurring task of persuading Congress to part with enough money so that the all-important economic-aid provisions of the treaty can have their full effect. The saving of Southeast Asia from Communism is a colosal undertaking—and an expensive one.

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Gilbert A. Harrison, *Publisher*
Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
Allan E. Aird, *Business Manager*

Tom Fitzsimmons, *Staff Writer*
F. R. Ruskin, *Administrative Assistant*
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Lucille Davis, *Copy Assistant*

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They Haven't Heard

ONE OF THE few important economic indicators which has not been cutting downward across the charts these past months is the one reflecting personal consumption spending. In the second quarter of 1954 such spending stood at an annual rate of $233 billion, up $2.3 billion from a year earlier. But during that year unemployment had doubled, reading 3.3 million in July, 1954, and the average hours-per-week of industrial production workers had dropped from 40.3 to 39.4 There seemed to be a serious discrepancy between the two sets of statistics. If people were being squeezed earning-wise, personal spending would be down—so ran the argument.

The answer is that people are using up their savings. "We've had 5,000 depositors close out their accounts so far this year," says a New York City savings bank official. And a life insurance company executive adds: "Since the first of the year we've had to increase by 20 percent the size of our staff handling policy loans and surrenders of policies."

Withdrawals from regular savings accounts for the first six months of this year are four percent higher than last year. In New York state the number of savings accounts dropped by 9,405 during July alone, compared to a gain of 243 during the same month of 1953. And from January to July of this year, the nation's life insurance companies gave out $418.7 million to persons who cashed in their policies. Loans to policy holders totalled $355 million.

People are cashing in their US Savings Bonds too. The latest figure available shows that in June the Treasury redeemed $579 million worth, 26 percent more than in May and some 10 percent more than June, 1953.

Somebody should tell all these panicky people that the recession is over.

Correction! We deeply regret that in the *New Republic* of August 16 ("Behind the Headlines," page 3) Robert M. Harriss was erroneously identified as "general treasurer of the Hearst Corporation." Mr. Harriss is not in the employ of the Hearst Corporation, but was, as we reported, a New York cotton broker.

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While You Weren't Looking

Us Partners

THE CRUSADING Republicans came to Washington carrying a whole lot of banners. One in particular was emblazoned "The Partnership of Federal and Local Interests." That one has been especially useful. Whenever the Republicans want not to do something—not build a dam, not expand TVA, not enforce federal mine-safety regulations, not regulate interstate commerce—out comes this banner to be unfurled. Sometimes, though, it is hidden. As when in the closing days of the 83rd Congress the US Steel Corporation was promised $18 million worth of services free.

Along the Delaware River between Philadelphia and the bay is a concentration of industry as dense as any in America. To allow expansion up-river, it was proposed to Congress that the Army Corps of Engineers deepen the channel from the Philadelphia Navy Yard northward to the site of a new US Steel plant at Morrisville, Pa. Study indicated that for general commerce a depth of 35 feet was required; that dredging would cost some $55 million.

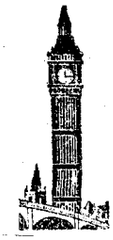
But the US Steel company has ordered a fleet of extra large ore carriers from Japan and these require a 40-foot channel. Dredging to 40 feet would cost an extra $36 million.

Last November, the Chief of the Army Engineers reported that "all evidence indicates that the use of depths greater than 35 feet *now or in the foreseeable future* will be confined to a single company." And he recommended that, "in accordance with established policy" US Steel should "contribute one-half the cost" of extra dredging—"estimated at $18 million." In March of this year, Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens (always out of step) said ". . . additional economic benefits will accrue directly to US Steel Corporation and there seems every reason for the beneficiary to participate in the project."

But a bill requiring the federal government to pay the whole bill was passed, without hearings by the House and sent to the Senate. There, Sen. John F. Kennedy (D, Mass.) offered an amendment requiring US Steel to pay one-half the extra cost. Republicans on the Public Works Committee fought him—it passed as US Steel wanted it.

London Dispatch NATO FIRST

For four years now Western policy in Europe has been governed by an illusion —the belief that the German problem could be solved by including the Federal Republic in a federation limited to what is left of the European continent. The one positive gain of the Brussels conference is that this illusion is finally exploded—whether or not EDC is ratified in Paris, it can no longer be considered as containing in itself the answer to the German problem.



To this extent at least, British dismay at the failure of the Brussels conference is modified. The British attitude to EDC has always been equivocal. Having been compelled in 1950 to accept the American ultimatum on the principle of German rearmament, Britain was compelled in 1951 to accept the French ultimatum on the method, though she knew that most Frenchmen regarded EDC only as a device for delaying German rearmament, and all soldiers thought it would be difficult to operate. But as time went on and Germany recovered her strength, Britain more and more saw EDC simply as the most convenient method for attaching Germany to the West while there was time.

Nonetheless, the danger is still real enough to have rendered French ratification most unlikely, since neither of the possible conditions for avoiding German predominance have been met. The first condition, that Britain herself should join a federal Europe, has never been within the bounds of possibility. In September, 1951, at Washington, the Western Foreign Ministers agreed to carry out the second condition, that EDC should simply form part of "a constantly developing Atlantic Community." Churchill and Eisenhower share responsibility for the fact that this promise has never been fulfilled. On the one hand Britain has asserted the right to take independent diplomatic initiatives in the Cold War, on the other hand talk of "agonizing reappraisals" and strategic "New Looks" has weakened Europe's confidence in America's will to develop NATO as a permanent community of equal partners.

Mendès-France's proposals for amending the EDC treaty put the emphasis where it belonged, and made it clear that the strengthening of NATO was an essential precondition for closer Franco-German co-operation. The failure at Brussels does not alter the fact that French agreement to German rearmament will depend on assurances from America and Britain that a rearmed Germany will not be allowed to dominate Western Europe. And it does not alter the fact that neither Europe, Britain nor the United States can be defended without French co-operation. For France owns and occupies the most valuable real estate.

It looks now as if only a new British initiative can break the deadlock. That is the meaning of Mendès-France's hurried visit to Churchill. So far Britain has refused publicly to discuss any modification or alternative to EDC until both Europe and America are quite convinced that France is responsible for EDC being unworkable. Britain has too often been tricked since 1945 into taking the odium for "dragging her feet" on French proposals. But it looks as if now a British initiative would be welcomed.

It seems fairly certain that Britain's first aim will be to strengthen NATO to a point at which France will feel it provides a secure framework for German rearmament. Here, of course, the main difficulty will lie in persuading America to increase her political and military commitments in a form convincing to European opinion. If this fails, it is still conceivable that Britain might now at last consider joining some European "coalition army," as proposed by French Gaullists and German Socialists.

Two other points are clear. Britain will continue to press for immediate French action to accept or reject EDC, so that the last four years delay is not prolonged. And Britain will insist on the immediate carrying out of the Contractual Agreement, so that Western Germany is not driven into dangerous paths by the continuation of occupation controls which have lost their validity.

London DENIS HEALEY, M. P.

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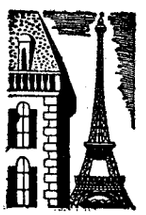
Paris Dispatch The Forces vs Mendes-France

The French again have refused to give a clear-cut decision on EDC. The real subject of the debate in the French National Assembly was how to make an urgently necessary contribution to world peace. The ultimate decision was less about how France is to take her place in some form of European army than about how Germany was to keep a place among the Western nations of the free world. Both questions, despite the efforts of Mendès-France, are left unanswered. Konrad Adenauer's position is steadily growing less strong. And it would be a perhaps irreparable disaster for the free world if he were to be displaced by a less sincerely Western-minded German who through weakness, if not intent, might permit the Bonn Republic to start turning toward the East.

Pierre Mendès-France fully understands both the internal West German political situation and the dangers it presents. The proof is that he signed the joint declaration after the Brussels conference repudiating any neutralization of West Germany. He also signed the one after his talk with Sir Winston Churchill giving paramount importance to the need for immediate practical steps to maintain the unity of the free nations of the West. Despite the innuendoes, slurs and attacks of which he has been the object at and after Brussels, there can be no possible doubt that he did not become Premier of his country in order to preside over either the secession of France or the exclusion of Germany from the West. The fact that he is by temperament less an ideologist than his predecessors in office who talked fervently about united Europe but took no practical steps to bring EDC to a vote does not make him a less good European. The *New York Herald Tribune* headline over its AP account of the Premier's three-hour speech on August 29 was "Mendès-France Rips Into Dying EDC." *New York Times* reporter Harold Callender described the Premier as "defending his ambiguous position." But what Mendès-France actually said was, "I had before me [in Brussels] men who were exasperated by the policy France has followed for years, a policy of uncertainty and hesitation. They told me, 'We no longer have confidence in the undertakings made in the name of France. There must be a clear decision. . . .' If you refuse ratification . . . the problem of Germany and its rearmament will not be automatically settled . . . it will be put to you in other forms. . . . We must give a clear response to the question before us." No one listened.



The first question to be decided by the debate in the French Assembly directly and personally concerned Adenauer's immediate past as well as his future. In acting as the spearhead of uncompromising opposition to the Mendès-France compromise proposals on EDC at Brussels, was he accurately informed about the internal French political situation? Was he justified in staking everything on the certainty that a majority could be found in the Assembly for approval of EDC in its original form?

Mendès-France said before the Brussels conference, at the conference and afterward that such a majority didn't exist and couldn't be made under present circumstances. Adenauer was sure there was such a majority. So was Spaak. They both felt that the French Premier wasn't an old enough, a good enough, a sincere enough European to judge with impartial objectivity. They contested his calculations about the line-up in the Assembly, basing their opinions in part at least on letters sent to them by Frenchmen whom they considered really good Europeans. It is no secret that these letters were sent by important members of the MRP, the Popular Republicans, the party of Robert Schuman and Georges Bidault which is the French equivalent of the Christian Democrats who in all countries favor the Vatican's project of Christian Europe. As some Frenchmen of the last generation of European politics preferred a German to Leon Blum, so do they now prefer a German to Mendès-France.

In refusing to make the vote a question of confidence in the government, Mendès-France took the position that this government, deeply divided on EDC and including equally firm supporters and opponents of the treaty, accepted its responsibilities when it offered the compromise proposals at Brussels. Once those proposals had been rejected it was up to the members of parliament to accept *their* responsibilities, with complete freedom of personal choice left both to cabinet ministers and to deputies. He told the 132 members of the Assembly's three most important committees at a joint meeting that he considered it imperative to settle quickly the EDC problem in order to remedy the serious damage already done by the delays for which not he but his federalist opponents were responsible.

Whatever Adenauer or Secretary Dulles may believe, it appears that Sir Winston agrees with him. A major purpose of the Premier's visit to the Prime Minister (arranged, by the way, before the start of the Brussels conference) was to prevent the isolation of France. This seems to have been accomplished. There was a successful compromise at Chartwell, if not at Brussels, and there are nuances of difference between the attitudes of London and Washington about how the French key should be turned to help win the battle of Germany.

The British Government will not join EDC. Mendès-France didn't go to England to try to get a change in this attitude. But he returned from England feeling confident that the British Government wouldn't lament the demise of EDC, provided that France took immediate and effective steps to save Adenauer. This probably means separation, at least temporarily, of the issues of West German sovereignty and rearmament from the broader issue of Western European federation. For Mendès-France has made known that he considers recognition of West Germany's sovereignty to have become "inevitable."

On the broader issue, the Premier was asked at the meeting with the members of the three committees whether, in the event the Assembly defeated EDC, his government would take the

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initiative, with Great Britain, in proposing a wider defense community which would include not only the six European nations but the 15 of the Atlantic alliance. He said: "This formula is not far from the one which I would personally prefer, but we must know the American and British intentions."

On the eve of the Assembly's debate President Coty hastened back to Paris, interrupting his vacation, to preside over an extraordinary Cabinet meeting made necessary by a last-hour maneuver on the part of the supporters of EDC. Fearing that after all Mendès-France rather than Adenauer might be right, and seeking at any cost, to prevent an adverse vote on the treaty, they announced their intention of asking an adjournment of the discussion immediately after the reports by Jules Moch and the other rapporteurs, all of which disapprove EDC.

This tactical move was decided upon after consultations among the major supporters of EDC including Robert Schuman, Antoine Pinay, René Mayer, Paul Reynaud, Yvon Delbos, Gerard Jacquet and Pierre Schneiter. It came at a time when party meetings showed that the current was running against EDC, and when efforts to hold the anti-EDC Socialists in line by threats of severe disciplinary measures, including even expulsion from the party, seemed likely to fail.

The several formal motions for delay (made by the same members of the Assembly who in the past had been most eager for speed) were justified by the argument that Mendès-France had failed to explore all the possibilities of agreement at Brussels, and that therefore the negotiations should be resumed before a vote was taken at the Palais Bourbon. Another argument was that the Premier had not given "sufficient indications about his intentions in regard to German rearmament" in case EDC was defeated.

In terms of domestic politics, the demand for delay had three purposes. It amounted to an oblique vote of censure of Mendès-France, blaming him for conducting badly and ending too soon the discussions at Brussels. By forcing him to oppose the motions, it put his government into the awkward position of on the one hand facing defeat or on the other hand winning only with the support of the Communist members of the Assembly. Finally, it was intended to stall for time, on the assumption (or in the hope) that Mendès-France might be weaker later on and therefore, in their opinion, the EDC would have better chances of adoption in its original form.

The supporters of EDC also put great pressure on the members of the Mendès-France Cabinet — Bourges-Maunoury, Emile Hugues, Claudius-Petit, Robert Buron — who though personally loyal to the Premier also favor the treaty. They were called upon to resign; and to leave the Premier alone—without a Cabinet—to go before the Assembly.

At the same time, the strongest possible efforts were made to get support for delay among anti-EDC deputies who are notoriously not loyal to Mendès-France. It was argued, for example, that a victory for Mendès-France against EDC would not be a victory for *their* kind of French nationalism—that is, of the Right. An ugly note was the public reappearance of anti-Semitism.

The Premier was therefore faced with personal political disaster on both sides. He countered the move for immediate postponement by accepting a resolution requiring him to attempt further negotiations with the five nations he had faced at Brussels. That resolution accomplished two things. It gave him time to make his Sunday speech putting the Assembly squarely on the spot. And it demonstrated that its authors, the pro-treaty men, had misinformed Adenauer about their strength, being in effect an admission that EDC in its present form could not be passed. The authors of the resolution also insisted that it contain a provision requiring Mendès-France to discuss with Germany the question of the Saar while negotiating on EDC. A rather obvious maneuver by the "good Europeans" who have never, despite incessant protestations of devotion to the concept of European unity, allowed the EDC treaty to come up before the Assembly nor admitted until now that it must be modified to be approved—to insure that Mendès-France should not succeed where they have failed.

On Monday, both pro- and anti-EDC forces began to feel they were being outmaneuvered. EDC supporters broke the pledge they have given Mendès-France and moved to adjourn debate. Enemies of the treaty promptly countered with a similar motion of their own. It was all over. With EDC in effect defeated, if Mendès-France is not to lose his chance to continue to lead the French, he must quickly—and dramatically—find a practical course of action between the extremes of those members of the Assembly who, refusing to accept defeat

Mendes-France

or delay for European federation, demand a referendum or new elections; and those who, repudiating any form whatsoever of West German rearmament, clamor for a "last chance" four-power talk with the Russians on the German problem. For Adenauer—whether only to frighten Washington, London and Paris, or sincerely trying to avoid a possible catastrophe for his party—has let it be known that he is consulting the Social Democrats (opposed to EDC and favoring negotiations with Russia on reunification) to find a bipartisan foreign policy.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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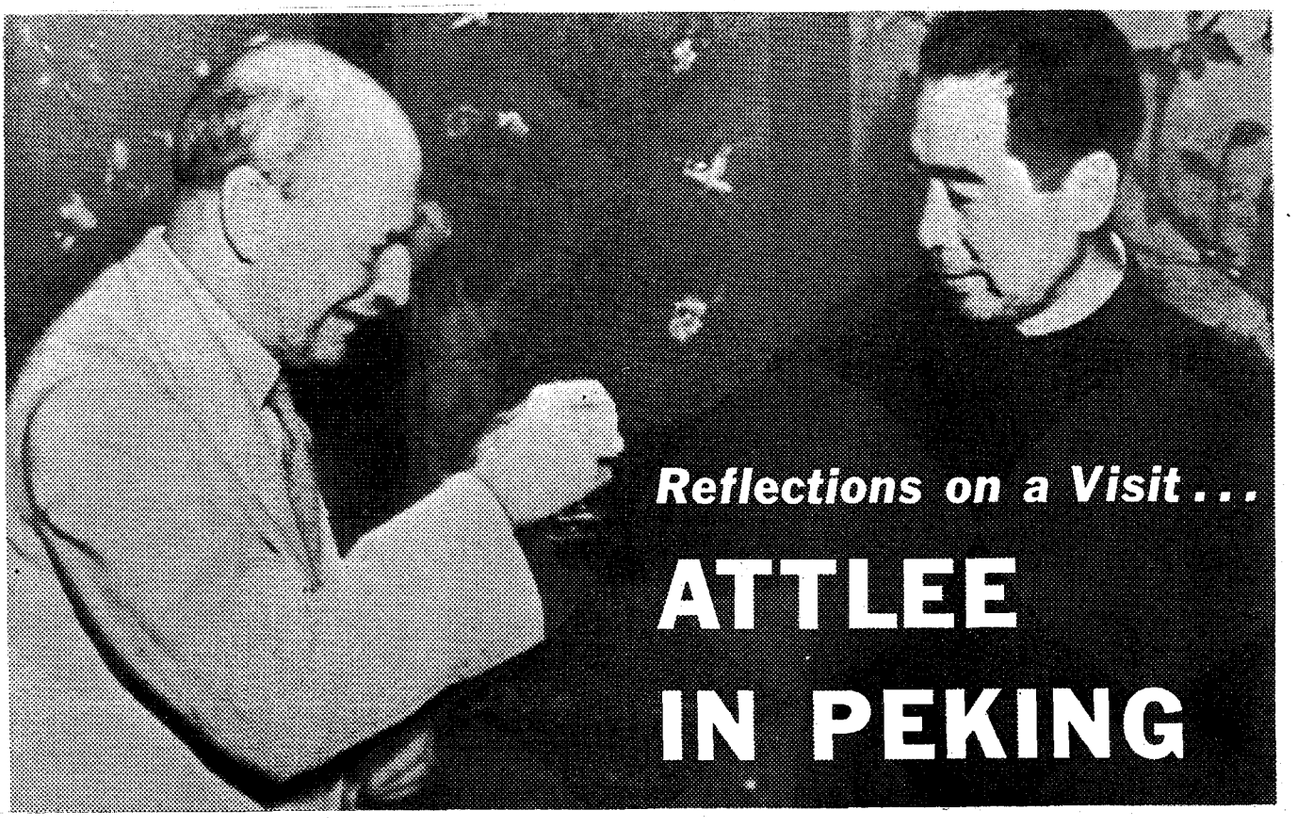

Reflections on a Visit . . .

ATTLEE IN PEKING

by Michael Straight

"CHINA," the British historian Hugh Seton-Watson affirmed, "has become the source of a vast volume of ill-will between the public opinion of Britain and America." His comment is surely sound. The United States clings tenaciously to fantasy in its China policy. Britain, in contrast, is moving away from us in pursuit of reality while her Asian partners regard us with mixed fear and contempt. For this reason, as Moscow well knows, China can form the wedge that splits the free world.

The US response to the challenge of Communist China is expressed today largely in military terms. On September 6 the conference called at our insistence to launch the South East Asia Treaty Organization will convene at Manila in the Philippines. Many Asian nations were invited; few will come. The absent have already voiced strong criticism of its purpose—of isolating and containing Communist China. They are turning instead toward non-aggression pacts with Peking.

Britain is going to Manila, but with a good deal of misgiving. The view of those most friendly to the United States is well expressed in the *Manchester Guardian* editorial of August 20:

> The problem at Manila is to devise deterrents to China of a kind which will not be unacceptable to the free countries of South Asia. Our danger may lie in realizing too late that Communism, sobered by the hydrogen bomb, has shifted its main effort in Asia from military assault to political. We may still be putting up military defenses when the ones most needed are political, and our political barriers will be of little avail unless they are manned by Indians and other Asian leaders as well as by Westerners. If we alienate the politicians we may in the end lose all.

For this reason Britain's heart is not at Manila. It is far more at Peking where the leaders of the British Labour Party are making the first gestures toward a new political policy of attempting to influence through friendship the attitudes of Communist China. The US press has uniformly condemned the Labourites for weakening the solidarity of the West and raising the prestige of the Communists. British newspapers, on the contrary, are reporting the trip with guarded approval. They grant that it adds to present frustrations. They hint that it may contribute to long-range solutions.

* * *

Clement Attlee and his group, as the Special Correspondent of the *London Times* cabled his paper from Peking on August 21, constitute "the first specifically non-Communist political delegation from the West, come to examine the claims and achievements of this new and demanding world power." As such they were warmly welcomed in Peking. The response of the Labour Party leaders was equally warm-hearted, so much so that at the

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close of the first banquet on August 16 where speeches of greeting were exchanged, G. S. Gale, Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian,* cabled:

> "An *entente cordiale* has been most firmly established between the Chinese Government and the National Executive [of the British Labour Party] if tonight's unanimity of opinion was sincere.

In the *London Daily Herald,* Deryck Winterton another Special Correspondent attached to the delegation, saw an even greater significance in the events of August 16. It was, he cabled, "one of those unpredictable moments that make history" when Clement Attlee "that unspectacular man of peace" embraced Chou En-lai, the Communist leader "who in blood and sacrifice had carved a new nation out of the decay of the old."

In previous meetings the man of blood and sacrifice had won the endorsement of Burma and India of his five "principles of peace." Thereby, Chou believed, he had gained informal pacts of non-aggression and non-interference with these nations. At the August 16 banquet Chou advocated a similiar understanding between Communist China and Great Britain.

How much the delegates understood is uncertain, for, as Winterton reported, the toasts were innumerable and at the end of each all present drained their glasses of *mal tai* "a fiery, evil-smelling, vodka-like drink" while Chou En-lai exclaimed "Bottoms up!" Gale reported:

> Chou spoke with the hors d'oeuvres, Mr. Attlee with the soup. Chou rose again with the chicken legs bursting brilliant paper flowers and bamboo shoots to agree with everything Mr. Attlee had said. People were soaking with sweat and dripping with food but the formalities continued unimpaired.
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> By Mr. Attlee's permission Ala, the head disciple of Buddha, was brought in and toasted Mr. Molotov and Mr. Eden, the two chairmen at Geneva. To the duck in lotus flower M. Mendés-France and Mr. Pham Van Dong (the Viet-Minh spokesman at Geneva) were praised, with variegated vegetables for the Colombo powers.
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> To the delight of all, when the fruit-filled melon was reached Chou proposed the Queen and Mr. Attlee, Mao Tse-tung, the head of state.

* * *

What the delegates learned in Peking is not yet known for they were careful to avoid the newspaper correspondents who accompanied them. (In fact, cabled Gale, "while the Labourites accumulated political capital as fast as the Rockefellers they treated the newspapermen like pariahs.") Three of the eight correspondents, however, were old China hands and, moving about on their own, they were able to catch glimpses of Communist China that the Western press has been denied for five years.

John Ridley of the *Daily Telegraph* was the most skeptical. He noted "frightful sights of poverty" in Peking. He added "I was often told that New China is doing everything for the children. But even in Peking, the capital, there are signs of starvation among the many pot-bellied, naked little boys and girls sitting apathetically beside the gutters."

However, Ridley commented that traditional social values in China have been reversed and soldiers "formerly considered the scum of the earth" are now a privileged and respected body of citizens who march well and with "a dedicated look."

The *London Times* Special Correspondent was more impressed; he cabled on August 20:

> Peking is again a capital, a proud and determined capital . . . amid the signs of this restoration of power and dignity one is bound to reflect on the Western concept which has been so forcefully and successfully transplanted. A century ago the idea of patriotism was utterly foreign to the Chinese. The last five years have seen the concept brought home to them. Nor it seems are the new ideas which the revolution has proclaimed any less strangely implanted. One is bound to admit how much in the attitudes and obediences which Communism asks for is perfectly in keeping with ancient Chinese tradition. Communism is not the revolution here that it seems in the West.

The *Times* Special Correspondent recorded his further astonishment at the transformation of familiar scenes:

> Call out for a pedicab to a rank of a dozen or more and hear the reply: Please take the first in the line from several of the men. Change indeed! On the lake of the Summer Palace the boatman hurries after his fare protesting that tipping destroys the dignity of the working class. These things—what the newspapers call social ethics—are the biggest changes to those who have known China in the past.

* * *

The visitors of course were escorted—but to regions where Western observers have not recently been. After five days in Peking they were flown to China's industrial center of Manchuria. There they toured the iron works and steel rolling mills of Anshan and Tangshen. The *Times* Special Correspondent cabled, "Touring these plants one gets some impression of the speed of China's industrialization." The steel mills, he found, "highly efficient" and, "almost wholly automatic." In the *Daily Telegraph* Ridley added, "While what has been done so far cannot compare with the postwar reconstruction of Japan, it is nonetheless quite staggering." In addition, cabled Ridley, "All the officials frankly admitted that the Russians trained them and built the factories." Ridley concluded:

> Russia now has a virtual stranglehold on Chinese industry. All machines are Russian built and all spares must come from the Soviets, so that if there were any break in the Chinese-Russian relations it would eventually be a death blow to Chinese industry as it is at the moment.

The Chinese are not unaware of this danger. The Labourites were taken for lengthy and private talks to the Ministry of Foreign Trade. The correspondents in

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turn were given a four-hour briefing on trade potentials by Lu Hsu-chang, head of China's National Import-Export Corporation. Gale reported:

> Peking is confident that China could absorb and pay for more trade annually than the $210 million suggested by the trade mission in London. She has an export surplus of tobacco, frozen meat, rice and tinned foods as well as her traditional exports of tea and eggs. The Chinese are annoyed by suggestions that they are indigent and that they export only weasels' tails and bristles. They insist that the embargo on strategic goods is the only major obstacle to Anglo-Chinese trade.

China, Lu added, would not incur an over-all trade deficit. But she hoped to purchase nonferrous metals, generating plant, heavy machinery, locomotives, rolling stock, tanks and ships from Britain and to pay with exports of food in return. Pressed by the correspondents, Lu declared that 70 percent of China's trade was with Russia's European satellites, and that given encouragement from Britain the regime was prepared to reduce the proportion of its total trade represented by trade with the Communist bloc.

* * *

Is partial blindness to be the mood of the Labour Party leaders on their return? As if to reassure the West against this danger Attlee remarked on his departure, "I have been exposed to lots of eyewash in my time and I know it when I see it." Yet there is more than eyewash in the appeal of Communist China to Great Britain. There is the political appeal that stems from the traditional British belief that diplomacy and negotiation are the alternatives to war. There is the social appeal rising from the stubborn conviction that Britain can serve as an arbiter between East and West because the welfare state stands halfway between capitalism and Communism. There is the economic appeal dating back to imperial days when British manufacturers maintained that another inch of cloth on the shirttails of 400 million Chinese would keep the aging looms of Lancashire pounding until they fell apart. Despite all postwar experience this illusion lingers in Britain and even grows as her traditional competitors, Germany and Japan, move in to established British markets. And so every foreman, employer and worker among the cotton towns of Lancashire, the machine shops of the Midlands and the shipping berths of Clydeside watches with sympathy and hope when Attlee and the Communists talk of trade.

The Communists have long since demonstrated their willingness to talk of trade for purposes of propaganda even when they contemplate no trade. And yet the talk is taken seriously in some British circles. The view of this naïve minority is expressed as well as it can be by Joan Robinson in her article in the *Nation* of August 14. The article is worth examining as a possible prelude to what we may expect on Bevan's return.

Mrs. Robinson, a noted economist, holds rightly that China is engaged in a massive industrialization program. She adds that industrialization under a Communist dictatorship may be more humane and pleasant than the experiences of democracy under the "soulless Philistinism" of the West's Industrial Revolution. She foresees an important role for Britain as China's industrial supplier. She maintains that the US is blocking this role by our insistence on perpetuating the embargo on strategic trade with China. Britain, she asserts, should free herself from the American shackles and, with the Commonwealth nations and Japan, seek prosperity through trade with the Communist bloc.

This argument is essentially nonsense and collapses on China's lack of capacity to pay. Mrs. Robinson states of Britain, "China wants to buy the kind of goods we have to sell and . . . has the wherewithal to pay for them." But for this crucial assertion there is no evidence at all. Peking's known reserves of foreign exchange in London and at the Bank of China in Hongkong are relatively small. Her exchange position is growing worse. For the sake of propaganda Russia has employed China as a purchaser of rubber in Ceylon. But the rubber is promptly transshipped to Russia and to the extent that China, a food deficit area, has paid for these imports with rice (as Mrs. Robinson claims) she has done it at the expense of the swollen bellies of the starved children John Ridley saw in Peking. China's remaining exports have always consisted of a few specialized products. Since the war alternative sources of supply for these products have been developed. Largely for this reason the Federation of British Industries in a special report published in January, 1954, concludes that British trade with China is unlikely to rise much above the .3 percent of Britain's total trade it represents today.

These are the realities and as long as reasonable men direct the foreign policy of the United States they will not be forgotten by the leaders of the British Labour Party. The danger is precisely that our China policy is not in the hands of reasonable men today.

Some disagreement of course is inevitable, due to a continuing difference of approach toward Communist-held Asia on the part of Britain and the United States. This nation has emphasized with reason the long-range threat of Chinese Communism. Britain has stressed—also with reason—the necessity of flexibility in the short-term approach. Between these differing attitudes, however, agreement can be reached among reasonable men once it is granted that the Chinese Communist regime is stable, that it is subject to outside influence and that it is not our objective to overturn it by aggressive war. Recently, and very quietly, an official Anglo-American study group has in fact worked toward a common China policy based precisely on these assumptions. Yet the Anglo-American alliance remains in danger because this nation's China policy is directed not by the Executive but by a

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Senate group that forbids any attempt at negotiation, that sees in Communist China nothing but danger and that will not renounce a policy of aggressive war against the Chinese mainland. The continuing subservience of the Eisenhower Administration to this Senate group not only makes close collaboration with the British Commonwealth impossible, it practically assures the rise of the corresponding form of extremism on the left in Britain, the kind of attitude which, expressed by Mrs. Robinson, comprehends no danger at all from the Peking regime. This view is still a minority view in Britain. But it could become a majority view if it were adopted by the Labour Party after Attlee's return.

Should this in fact happen the penalties could be immense. They are well stated by the *Manchester Guardian's* editorial of August 21 in warning of the dangers:

> The Chinese Government . . . is set on two things: to exalt its prestige and to sweep Western influence out of Asia. In Asia prestige is still an immensely powerful weapon. Peking, the golden, fabulous capital of a mighty oriental empire backed up by all the memories of the past, may overawe the border lands and by virtue almost of prestige alone hope to see governments become subservient. The visit of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan is nourishing food for this prestige. But how much greater a triumph would Mr. Chou En-lai achieve if he could persuade the Labour leaders to declare for a policy which would divide the Labour Party radically from America!
>
> The Chinese are showing their hand with almost insulting frankness. They are counting on the flow of rather unintelligent feeling against America which has been so strong in recent months and which America, unfortunately, has made stronger by some foolish acts.
>
> . . . It is not necessary for us to go all the way with America. But if there is to be co-existence there must be a balance of power. For if power is unbalanced the temptation to Communism to resume its crusade will be irresistible. Thus what alone makes co-existence possible is an unimpaired Anglo-American alliance. To disrupt it is to break the one hope of a long peace between East and West.

Only two conditions are required to maintain this alliance. First, continuous consultation with our partner Britain in developing a common political policy for the Far East; second, the assurance that the Executive will defend the joint policies it undertakes with its partner against Congressional encroachment. On both counts President Eisenhower has failed so far. There has been no continuous political consultation over the past two years. Instead this government has waited for crises to break, has then rushed in with improvised and frequently unworkable proposals, only to resort to useless recrimination when these proposals are properly turned down. In turn, within this country the President has given in to the extremists of his own party; he has postponed decisions that involved political risk, and limited his declarations on world affairs over the past year to off-the-cuff remarks at press conferences and claims as fatuous as those in his political broadcast of August 23. ("Now I want to say this. The papers right now are filled with their gloomy predictions about Europe. Don't be too discouraged. In that country are great friends of mine—They are great statesmen . . . And they are not licked yet, and we're certainly not licked, and let's don't lose faith in them. There's still something to be done in that region and we're going to do it.")

The significance of the Attlee visit will be determined not in Peking but in Washington. Yet it will remain in doubt for as long as President Eisenhower lacks the political initiative and boldness to undertake the role of guiding public opinion and preparing it for each necessary step that must come if this nation and the free world are not to go their separate ways.

Danger—Men at Work

THE CARTOON ABOVE is from the *News Chronicle*, a liberal newspaper friendly to the United States. It shows the members of the British Labour delegation: Clement Attlee, Aneurin Bevan, Wilfred Burke, Edith Summerskill, Harry Franklin, Sam Watson, Harry Earnshaw, and Morgan Phillips, crossing their newly-made bridge from Britain to Communist China. The figures on the right, engaged in attempting to destroy the bridge, are identified as the American press and McNeil. Hector McNeil, former Minister of State in the Foreign Office and one of the younger leaders of the Labour Party, criticized the trip on the ground that it would hurt Anglo-American relations. In the unfavorable reaction that followed, McNeil was forced to repudiate his own remarks.

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AUGUST 23, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: *"This tax program . . . gives on the average to each of you 11 percent cut in your income taxes."*

Who Profits by the New Tax Bill?

by Tom Fitzsimmons

LAST WEEK, President Eisenhower leaned back against the now-familiar desk with the casual air that Robert Montgomery has worked so hard to make him master of, and spoke to millions. His subject was the "accomplishments" of the 83rd Congress. Of the many things mentioned, he chose the "enormous tax revision bill" to talk about longest.

The bill is enormous, certainly—some 900 finely printed pages. But some of the other things Eisenhower said about it—that it is designed to "remove inequities and to make the whole thing fairer," etc.—are not quite so evident. Prior to the President's chat, a steady flow of rhetoric from Congressional leaders, Administration spokesmen and Republican editors had assured the nation's taxpayers that they would all share equally in some $2 billion a year of tax benefits because of this bill. On television, Eisenhower raised the figure of "money you spend for yourselves now" to $7.4 billion.

Few among the President's audience realized that distribution of the tax burden is determined much more by the tax-base—what is taxed—than by the different rates at which different incomes are taxed (that one man's earnings equal another's does not mean both will pay the same tax, for one may derive his income wholly or partly from un- or lightly-taxed sources). And Eisenhower did not tell them that the "enormous tax revision" essentially is a long list of changes in the tax base. The rates in the new law are the same as in the old. But changes in definitions of "taxable income" are going to make a great difference in how much tax some few people will pay.

Eight provisions are vaunted by the fathers of the new Code as providing the bulk of tax reduction; seven are income-tax special relief measures and one is an exclusion for estate tax purposes. The eight are:

1. A double-rate depreciation deduction for corporations.
2. Special credit, and exclusions, for dividend income.
3. Permission for many partnerships to be taxed as if they were corporations.
4. Exclusion of the proceeds of life insurance policies from taxable estates.
5. "Split income" benefits for widows, widowers and divorced persons.
6. A deduction of up to $600 for the child-care expenses of working mothers.
7. "Head of household" benefits for taxpayers whose dependents reside away from the taxpayer's home.
8. An increase in deductions allowed for medical expenses.

There are other provisions. But these eight have properly received the greatest share of attention: the first four through the efforts made to justify them, and the last four because they are cited as proof that the ordinary Form 1040 fellow is coming in for his share of the relief. One by one, then, how do these eight measures work?

Depreciation. Under the old law a business could depreciate some assets—equipment, etc.—evenly over the useful life of the assets. A $1,000 machine which would last 20 years, for example, was depreciated by one-twentieth, or no more than $50 a year—less if the machine had a salvage value at the end of its working life. Under the new law the owner of the same machine can deduct 10 percent of its value the first year, 9 percent the second, 8.1 the third, and so on. By the tenth year the old method had returned a deduction equalling 50 percent of the machine's cost. Under the new method the owner will have recovered 70 percent of the machine's cost by the tenth year. During the 18 to 20 years it will take for all present depreciable plant to be replaced by new plant, there will be a tremendous revenue loss, a tax benefit to industry averaging $2 billion a year for 20 years! In published figures Treasury Secretary Humphrey has admitted that the revenue loss from this measure would reach $1.5 billion a year within a very few years. He went on to point out that this loss eventually would cease, but he did not say when.

Dividends. A stockholder will be allowed each year to subtract from his taxable income the first $50 of his dividend income; then, much more important, he is given a credit against tax of 4 percent of the rest of his dividend income—right up to the full amount of his taxable net income. Assume then that Mr. S. and his wife have a salary of $5,000 plus a $15,000 income from dividends. They used to pay taxes on $20,000, less a $1,200 exemption ($600 each) and deductions amounting to, say, $2,000 (medical expenses, etc.). Their net income for

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tax purposes then was $16,800, and on this they paid a tax of $4,192. Under the new law, each of them (since Mrs. S. will surely own just enough stock to receive $50 in dividends) begins by subtracting $50. That small benefit cuts their apparent tax bill to $4,158. But they do not pay $4,158—they are allowed to subtract 4 percent of their remaining $14,900 of dividend income ($596) from the tax bill, so they actually pay $3,562, or $630 less than under the old law. Of course, if Mr. and Mrs. S. were among the 92 percent of the taxpayers who own no stocks they would receive no tax benefit. Conservative estimates show $500 million given each year to just 8 percent of the taxpayers.

Partnerships. Throughout the history of income tax, a partnership always has been taxed as if its entire annual income were distributed among the partners. That is, the tax was imposed on the partners: the partnership's income included in *their* incomes whether they chose to take that money out of the partnership or leave it in. The new law supposedly gives a tax break to such men. Like a corporation, the partnership can now pay the partners' salary and they will be taxed only on that salary. The rest of the partnership's income can be left in the firm and regular corporation tax paid on it. Looks like a tax benefit, doesn't it? But assume that a five-man partnership nets $250,000 for the year, and assume that the partners decide to take out $10,000 each and to leave their remaining share of $40,000 in the business. With a wife and two children, the average partner will pay on his $10,000 salary a tax of $1,372—the five partners will pay $6,860. But the firm would pay on the remaining $200,000 a corporate tax of $98,500! So the total tax paid would be more than if the partnership had been taxed, through its members, on five shares of $50,000, or $18,294 each. Five times $18,294 does not equal the $105,360 which will be due if the partnership elects the new method of taxation. There simply is no benefit to the small partnership from this provision. But if our five-member firm had cleared $1 million for the year, the new provision would allow the partners to take salaries of $25,000 each and come out with a net tax saving of more than $100,000 a year. Question of size, purely.

Estate tax. Under present and prior law a man may leave his widow an estate of $120,000 without estate tax being imposed. Under the old law, however, proceeds from insurance for which the deceased had paid the premiums would be included in computing his estate. Now, life insurance proceeds will no longer normally be subject to estate tax. This provision will not benefit survivors of persons whose estates are tied up in land, bonds, stocks or the like. But if the deceased had a big enough income to acquire and carry large amounts of life insurance, terrific tax benefits will follow. For example, a man who leaves his wife $500,000 formerly would have paid an estate tax of some $50,000. Under the new law, if he could afford to leave half of the $500,000 in life insurance, his estate will be taxed only $10,700. If he could put a little over one-half of his estate in life insurance, there would be no tax at all.

"Split Income" Benefits. For some years the joint-return has granted married taxpayers lower income taxes. The new law extends this benefit to widows, widowers and divorced persons left with dependent children, but is limited to two taxable years after the death or divorce. An example for just a single taxable year will show who gets the advantage from this "little man's" section. Assume two cases of fathers left with children, and assume that one father earns $4,200 a year and the other has an income of $50,000. The top tax rate for $50,000 is about 3½ times as high as that on $4,200, so it would seem reasonable to expect that the relief measure would give 3½ times as many extra dollars to the high income widower. Not so. The $4,200 a year widower gets not a cent of tax reduction from this measure, while the $50,000-a-year widower saves $5,626, or more than one-quarter of his total tax burden.

Child-care expenses. Over the past several years there has been no single complaint more frequent than that about working mothers not being allowed to deduct the costs of providing child-care while at work. Authors of the new law have proudly claimed that now working mothers as well as oil men will get relief. How much? Assume a married couple, with one or more children, and an income from the wages of both parents totaling $4,500. The assumption of $4,500 is important, because the new deduction is expressly limited so that its maximum is $600, and under no condition can the sum of the parents' family income and the amount of the deduction total more than $5,100. We must further assume that the child is under the age of 12 and the mother works all the year, for the possible $600 deduction is reduced to the degree that these conditions are not met. Under the old law these parents would pay a tax of $330. Under the new law, the child-care deduction, if available to its maximum of $600, will cut their tax bill by $120—from $330 to $210. So for the mother who works, and whose child or children are under the age of 12, the entire year, and whose income when added to that of her husband is no more than $4,500, and who meets all the other conditions of the new deduction grant, there is a saving of $120 a year—or $2.31 a week for child-care.

According to some estimates the nation has as many as 2 million working mothers with children under 12. But many work only part of the year. The limitation on joint income will disqualify many completely and will pare down the deduction for many more. And perhaps most important, many thousands who would otherwise claim $100, $200 or $300 as a child-care deduction, will find it to their advantage to file their returns without itemizing deductions, because even with a couple of

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hundred dollars of child-care deduction their total of itemized deductions would still be less than the standard 10-percent deduction of, say, $480 or $490. It is probably safe to estimate that no more than $75 million of tax relief will be afforded by the child-care provision.

"Head of Household." For several years there has been a special rate table applied to the incomes of persons who could qualify as heads of households. This category of taxpayers enjoys a tax status, income and other points being equal, about half way between that of the single person and the married one who can split his income with his spouse. As with other measures which have been widely touted as examples of tax relief for the ordinary taxpayer, the best test of this provision is a comparison of how it will work for an average income-earner and for one with a happily large income. This time there may be assumed two bachelors, one with a wage of $5,000 and one with an income of $50,000, each living and working in the city and providing the principal support of an elderly parent who lives elsewhere. Under the old law neither of these bachelors qualified as a "head of household"; under the new law both of them do. Without this change in the law, the $50,000 man would pay a tax of $22,788 and the $5,000 man would be taxed $831. The effect of the newly granted "head of household" status is to reduce the tax on $50,000 to $19,884—a saving of $2,904. The $5,000-a-year taxpayer has his tax reduced to $792—a saving of $42. One gains by some 13 percent compared to the other's 5 percent. If, instead of $50,000, the better-off bachelor had a taxable net income of $200,000, his tax under the old law, $156,820, would be reduced by the new to $134,640—a saving of $22,180, something over 14 percent.

Medical expenses. The last of the eight highly publicized measures, and the fourth of those advertised as benefiting the small taxpayer is a liberalization of deductions allowed for medical expenses. Under the old law, only medical expenses which exceeded 5 percent of the taxpayer's income could be deducted; the new Code lowers the limit to 3 percent. Assume a taxpayer with an income of $5,000 who has to spend $500 on medical expenses during the year. Formerly his deduction would have been $250; now it will be $350. Which means, since the top $100 of his taxable income is taxed at 22 percent, a tax saving to him of $22. But it must be remembered that he may still find it to his advantage to use the standard 10-percent deduction rather than itemize his deductions. The standard 10-percent deduction is used on the great majority of all returns for incomes ranging from the national average income on down.

Four of the eight tax relief measures benefit not at all the individual taxpayer who has no dividend income and who leaves only a modest estate. The four provisions which have been expressly pointed to by the authors of the new Code as granting compensating tax relief to the ordinary taxpayer are of little or no benefit to the individual who has less than $4,200 a year income. Since only 8 percent of the taxpayers in the nation own any stock, and since the average income for a man supporting two or more children is less than $5,000 a year, it is rather easy to give a reasonable estimate of how much tax relief the "average taxpayer" can expect from the eight important sections of President Eisenhower's "enormous tax revision."

1. Tax relief: $0	But $2 billion a year is given to corporations, and thus to their stockholders.
2. Tax relief: $0	But some $500 million is given to the 8 percent of the population who own stocks, the same 8 percent who benefit from the $2 billion noted above.
3. Tax relief: $0	But huge benefits to partners of firms with very large incomes.
4. Tax relief: $0	But if the estate should be greater than the $60,000 exemption for a single person, or the $120,000 which is tax-free if at least one-half an estate is left to a widow or widower, there is open a path to virtually complete tax freedom.
5. Tax relief: $14	This is for a widow, widower, or divorced person left with two dependent children. If the income is less than $5,000, the relief is less—and around the $4,200 income level, relief falls to $0.
6. Tax relief: $20	This is for a man and a working wife whose joint income totals $5,000. If the standard deduction of $500 is greater than their itemization of deductions, the extra benefit here is $0.
7. Tax relief: $19	This is for the bachelor who supports parents living away from his home, again with a $5,000 income.
8. Tax relief: $1 to $70; the average probably $25	This is for the father who earns $5,000 and pays $500 in medical expenses. If his $350 medical expense deduction does not make it advisable to itemize all his deductions, he will choose the standard 10-percent deduction and this measure will give him no added tax relief whatsoever.

"Enormous," indeed.

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ADVERTISING

What d'ya Smoke?

For thy sake, tobacco,
I would do anything but die.

So Charles Lamb made his sad peace with the weed in the dark Nineteenth Century before American ingenuity outdid itself to bring hope to the scared smoker.

Assaulted with report after unnerving laboratory report on the link between cigarettes and cancer, the nation's tobacco lords and their Madison Avenue idea men are verging on the schizophrenic. They dare not protest too much; yet, will not silence seem to mean consent to the terrible charges of medical science.

Even the old familiars have been shaken. Philip Morris has retreated from gloomy reality to find solace in its new snap-open pack. As un-cancerous a group of athletes as you'd ever hope to see collected on one page announce that they are Camels adherents to a man. Today's Chesterfield, "the best cigarette ever made," gives you all the benefits of 30 years of scientific tobacco research, says the ad, which also pictures spotless, gleaming

North Carolina labs where brilliant young scientists have been extracting impurity after filthy impurity for a generation and a half.

While this don't-rock-the-boat approach is calmly pursued by the old familiars, a more desperate line is strung by the newcomers. The same P. Lorillard Company, which abjures "wild medical pitches" in its Old Gold ads ("a treat, not a treatment") makes Kents, and Kent alone has the "Micronite" filter, which is more effective than any other filter, old or new. The micronite is made of material "so safe, so pure, it's used to filter the air in leading hospitals."

If this achievement doesn't bowl you over, you might try an L & M, the new monogrammed gift to smokers from the Chesterfield family. L & M has "the Miracle Tip," also the best filter on the market because it contains—get this—Alpha Cellulose, "just what the doctor ordered."

Then, of course, we have an abundance of minor league smokes. "Fine tobacco is its own best filter!" declares Pall Mall, a cigarette that "travels the smoke further, makes it cooler and sweeter for you." Viceroys' "plus king-size length" means that the smoke is purified even more by the extra tobacco.

And speaking of Viceroy, it has a new HEALTH-GUARD filter, made of ESTRON. This 100 percent filter (an entrancing statistic) is Pure! It's Snow White, with 20,000 tiny filter traps. However . . . the world's most efficient filter is du Maurier's. "No other filter tip of any composition or material takes out so much nicotine and tars and at the same time lets you draw the smoke so easily, so comfortably." Despite this definitive statement Parliament sticks stubbornly to *its* exclusive filter mouthpiece.

Raleigh has no filter . . . but it gives away coupons. Herbert Tareyton, meanwhile, concentrates on "the genuine cork tip to protect the lips." The latter's smoke is "naturally filtered" to boot—a claim which, may a layman suggest, naturally could be made with equal justice for any product containing tobacco.

O-Nic-O describes itself as "the original denicotinized cigarette" and Sano asks smokers WHY GO HALF WAY? Sano is king-sized with a filter *and* a cork tip; furthermore, the nicotine and tars have been ruthlessly disposed of.

Wally Frank offers a nine-tenths "new way of life for smokers"—a pipe. Frank has his own filter, vouched for by no less eminent an institution than the famed Technologisches Gewerbe Museum of Vienna. "After extensive stalagometric tests, they found the new Meerschaum filter to have the highest absorbency for filtering out harmful impurities, nicotine and tars." Now there's a testimonial for you!

From all this it's clear that the modern smoker has some hard decisions to make. Shall he stay faithful to the same pack a day that saw him through his courtship? Shall he, at the risk of his children's admiration and his own self-respect, switch to one of those sissy brands, guaranteed to keep the tobacco shreds

out of your mouth, if nothing else? Shall he invest in a box of cigars and risk losing his whole personality, as well as his friends? Shall he go about pockets bulging with paraphernalia from Wally Frank? Shall he return to the hooka?

Or will he follow ingenuity to its utmost limit, this being the Maxwell Smokeless Cigarette Relaxer, a late addition to the sundries counters of your neighborhood five and ten? Here we have, at long last, a synthetic cigarette with a synthetic ash glowing from one end, fitted into a washable holder. The smoker inhales the clean, outdoor taste of menthol, and plans are under way to produce Relaxers in three other delicious flavors —clove, peppermint, and (!) tobacco. This pacifier for adults is guaranteed to contain no nicotines, no tars, no resins, no pleasure; it is unlikely to irritate anybody's throat. And as of this writing no one has accused it of causing cancer.

WALTER GOODMAN

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Genius of Colette--An Appreciation

by Robert Phelps

I HAD just finished writing a review of this fascinating book when I learned that Colette had died. As it happened, I had been reading through her works all summer, slowly, and not without difficulty, in the original text (as Colette has remarked of her own reading in English), and I was so saturated in her vision, her genius, her personality, that her death seemed an intimate loss. I reread my review. It was impersonal and official. To do this to a writer who, like Colette, is so intensely given in her works, whose very syntax is warm with the ellipsis of spoken speech, whose "objective correlatives" are so close to her own secret self, who even uses her own name in many of her novels, and whose masterwork will probably come to be the long series of meditative memoirs beginning with *La Maison de Claudine* and running through *Ces Plaisirs* and *L'Etoile Vesper* to *Le Fanal Bleu,* seemed ungrateful, fatuous and wrong. I threw the review away. I should like, instead, to tell a little of what the art of Colette has taught me.

Colette: A Provincial in Paris, by Margaret Crosland (British Book Center; $3.50).

(1) Any writing is *live* if the writer is present. Colette wrote for over 50 years, and besides what official referees call creative writing, she also produced much of what they call hack writing. She described Queen Mary for the papers, *haut couture* for Vogue; she wrote the text for a book on butterflies; she reviewed plays; she was a war correspondent in Italy; she did a weekly cooking column. Yet she was never a hack. For a hack is someone who leaves himself out. In whatever Colette wrote, she was generously, necessarily personal. She never tried to be aloof. Young writers are frequently warned of the danger of "selling out." But refining themselves into anonymity, whether in *Time* magazine or their own novels, can be just as fatal. And no one can show them more aptly than Colette how to be gracefully, honestly present. The result, however slight, will never be neuter.

(2) A novelist writes primarily about people and their relationships. He may speak in either the first or the third person, subjectively or objectively, but he must always be looking at specific human beings, not myths, archetypes, psychological patterns. In American writing, we seem to have a strong bias toward the generalized. From Poe through Hawthorne, Melville, and James to Djuna Barnes, we tend toward the allegorical. We are north European, where the fairy tale and the parable prevail, and in the past 30 years, as we have cross-fertilized ourselves for the first time with non-English writing, it is the German tradition of Thomas Mann, Kafka, Rilke and Brecht which has dominated. From the French, significantly, we have taken only the polemicists. We have worried over Malraux, Mauriac, Gide, Camus, Sartre, and have largely ignored Jouhandeau, Cocteau, Genet, Colette. Even with Proust, it is the philosopher, the artist with a notion about time and memory, whom we have preferred to the novelist *per se.*

AS A RESULT much of our young writing today is smothering. Our novels are airless and populated only by symbols. Kafka, Idea, and Myth-Over-All have shouldered out the world of particulars we all begin in. A novel like Colette's *Julie de Carneilhan*—now available in English at 25 cents—can teach us as much that we need to learn at this juncture as *Finnegan's Wake.* Begin with people, with specific feelings, and keep your eye on them. The overtones, the mythical parallels, the larger meanings, will speak for themselves.

(3) Is it only a coincidence that the American novelists who have in even a small degree been exposed to French literature, are our most satisfying as far as *making* is concerned? Look at *The Enormous Room, The Sun Also Rises, The Great Gatsby, The Pilgrim Hawk, The Wings of the Dove, Nightwood.* All by Americans who have known the French influence to temper, refine, and keep selection, in image and syntax, at a keen maximum.

Isn't it a mistake to go on assuming that because America is spatially vast and sprawling, her novels need necessarily be the same way? Isn't a work of art, anywhere, anytime, a harsh selection, an astringence, a deliberate forging? Because *Moby Dick* is improvisatorily made, need a young writer necessarily feel that his own genius will be betrayed unless he does the same? Certainly, before answering this question, he should, in the privacy of his workroom, take *Chéri* apart— paragraph by paragraph, detail by detail. He should lift the book by its covers and shake it out over the floor. Nothing will fall out. Every word is essential. It is like a score by Stravinski. It is made to last.

(4) Major or minor, Proust or Forrest Reid, every true writer has a vision. It is by this that we finally judge him. No matter how imperfect his art, it is this figure in his carpet that counts, and no one can show us more clearly than Colette that a writer discovers his vision in only one way: by writing about whatever moves him most, no matter what it is. The first book Colette published under her own name was about animals. She loved them. ("You'll end up in the jungle," her husband once told her.) Her last published book was called *Cats.* And indeed, what her vision grows out of is just this world which human beings have in common with creatures: the senses, the impulses, the pre-conscious virtues. But she also knew that to be human is to be self-conscious, and the basic relationship through her novels is the same; the lonely yearning of someone who is conscious and artful toward someone who is innocent, impulsive, and in the unpejorative sense, bestial. The former watches, loves, plans, gives. The latter stirs in self-absorption, accepts, and often without even knowing it, betrays and abandons.

(5) "Perfection of the life," warned Yeats, "or of the work." One must choose. Yet as Mrs. Crosland's biography shows, Colette proved that this is

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too great a simplification. Almost as amazing as her works is the resourcefulness with which the same passionate fantasy that begot them applied to her life. Like anyone who leaves over 50 books, she spent many hours at a desk. But she was no owl. Her extracurricular activities included professional acting, dancing, and miming, as well as homemaking, child-raising, and gardening. And lo! at 59, she opened a beauty salon.

(6) For me there are two classes of writers: those whose subject is the human heart, and those whose emphasis is upon all the other, perhaps more important possibilities in human experience. The latter include many of our most illustrious and bewitching contemporaries, from Valéry and Kafka, to Pirandello and Virginia Woolf. The former include all of my favorite writers, from Shakespeare to Jane Austen to Colette. Compare *All's Well That Ends Well, Persuasian,* and *Julie de Carneilhan.* Does one writer know any more about love than the other? Aren't they in this respect peers, all three of them, for all the ages?

ROBERT PHELPS

Stevenson Survey

by Herman Finer

HOW INFINITELY refreshing to read a statesman's own personal thoughts and convictions. What a contrast Mr. Stevenson offers to the exalted who present themselves with borrowed stance, simulated gestures, somebody else's face, and the *pot pourri* (*pourri,* indeed!) of other men's hired clichés as substitutes for thought! How delightful that a statesman is and dares to be a *person.*

Call to Greatness, by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper; $2.25).

The superb quality of Mr. Stevenson's Godkin lectures at Harvard is demonstrated by the fact that they demand to be quoted entire. Steadily and whole, he observes the state of the nations, and above all, the gravity of American responsibilities. For this is his sifted, quintessential view of the world, after a visit to 53 countries. Though this long and laborious tour must have added a sense of pungent reality, the basic thoughts were always there—because Mr. Stevenson has perceptiveness, and a humane and luminous sagacity. He has given us by far and away the soundest, and most realistic appreciation of the present state of war and peace in the world that I know.

The grand theme is necessarily the polarity of the two colossi, the USA and the USSR. On this dreadful polarity, Mr. Stevenson suspends the fate of the European peoples, not as subordinates, or satellites, but as equal cultures: the next thing to the dignity of man is the dignity of nations. He analyzes the fragility of the Western coalitions against the gigantic monolith of unscrupulous policy-makers in Moscow. He pays a proper tribute to the resurgence of democratic strength, liberation and unity, developed since 1947 with the Truman and Marshall Plans, and weighs the prospects of further unification.

Since the struggle will last for decades, the problem of one's conduct as the strongest and leading member of a coalition needs to be faced. He counsels:

> It seems to me that the rapidly emerging spirit of independence in Europe ["even from its best friends," to use Churchill's phrase], the increasing scrutiny of our policies and critical objectivity about the United States, is wholesome. While it complicates the difficulties of leadership, it will constantly remind us that this is a coalition, a partnership, and the members are not satellites. And certainly we should rejoice that our friends in Europe are not resigned to permanent dependency and henceforth propose to assume a more positive part in the direction of our common concerns.

Perhaps more important even than his reflections on the West, are those on Asia and points East. The problems are powerfully and sensitively grasped. The reader will not forget his aphorism: They want Rice and Respect.

Mr. Stevenson unravels the technological promise of a higher standard of living for these well-nigh destitute countries. Political independence there is young; the economies are shaky; nationalism is rampant; life is famine and hardship, moneylenders and landlords; there is innocence about Moscow's and Peking's imperialism and little tradition of democracy; much hatred of the white invaders; deep shame about the indignities of centuries. They want to be neutrals as was the United States to 1917, and beyond.

Hardly a situation to be won over by vilification or threats; or by high school valedictories intoned by traveling Vice-Presidents to native groups who do not understand English.

But Mr. Stevenson is right to feel some satisfaction in the fact that India, Pakistan, Korea, Indo-China, the Philippines, Burma, Malaya, Siam, Indonesia, are not yet lost to the way of democracy.

What is the call to greatness in this part of the world? We must succor these people, who are attempting what he well calls, Operation Bootstrap. We must cast our bread upon the waters. We must exercise infinite patience and solicitous intelligence. We must also be strong—no longer possible with the strength of a monopoly of the atomic and hydrogen weapons—but strong now in a balance of power. And this effort must be sustained over decades.

Our domestic demeanor is also part of our value to other lands. If we vilify each other, they will distrust us. If we do injustice at home they will not believe that justice can be done to them. If we condone the ethics of Fascism or Communism when exercised by our own Senators, they will find every excuse for their own Fascists and Communists. I recently talked to one of the noblest anti-Fascists in Italy. He smiled wryly when I asked how it was that so few Fascists had been punished. He said: "What, when millions of Americans endow McCarthy with money and votes. Mussolini was no worse than he!"

"America will stand or fall," says Mr. Stevenson, "not just by the tangibles, but by the intangibles of American power and character."

It is a political tragedy of the first dimension that Washington has no official rôle for a leader of the Opposition, in which he may speak responsibly, continually, at each turn in the day-by-day policy of the US government. For it is time it was said in every street in the nation—that a man may be a military hero and yet wanting in *civil courage.* We have learned that men

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> Diplomacy is not the art of asserting even more emphatically that attitudes (of other nations) should not be what they clearly are. It is not the repudiation of actuality but the recognition of actuality and the use of actuality to advance our national interests.—ADLAI E. STEVENSON in *Call to Greatness.*

without knowledge are simply not qualified to exercise civil courage. This was said 2000 years ago by men who were not only statesmen first, but had been soldiers, and had educated young men who were destined to win empires. Civil courage is the fortitude to make an original and personal selection from among bitter alternatives, on one's own conscience. It is not the same as that which some Washington correspondents now seem ready to settle for in the President: "He seems much more relaxed and easy in answering questions at the weekly press conference!" What a criterion!

If we want to know exactly where we stand in the world, we may learn it from Adlai Stevenson's *Call to Greatness.* He speaks with knowledge and humility, with comprehension and a great heart.

3-Alarm Sermon

TO HERR JUNGK the scientific conquest of nature, in its present phase, is immoral and blasphemous. It is, of course, being pressed most vigorously, and presumptuously, in the new world. Therefore the United States is the Lucifer in his cosmology, and he assails the challenger in the rhetoric of old-time religion:

> [America's] bid for power is not directed against any nation, class or race. It assails no particular way of government but the ways of creation. . . . The stake is higher than dictators' seats and presidential chairs. The stake is the throne of God.

This drive is "furthered by statesmen, applauded by the masses, encouraged by the police." Yet it dooms Americans to a "totalitarian mass existence" and the process of enslavement is already far advanced. Some few Americans are consciously resisting the trend. "Attempts are being made to humanize labor, to fit the machine to human psychology . . . but at present all this has a quality of play-acting. . . ." Needless to say, all the old American values and virtues are going down before the drive to "occupy God's place."

Tomorrow Is Already Here, by Robert Jungk, translated by Marguerite Waldman, with an Introduction by Herbert Agar (Simon and Schuster; $3.50).

I have been quoting from Herr Jungk's first chapter, which is all sermon and which ends as follows:

> Only when the convulsive grasp at omnipotence finally relaxes, when the *hubris* dissolves and gives place to humility—only then will America be recovered by Him Whom it has discarded, by God.

The rest of the book is given over to examples of the "convulsive grasp." Herr Jungk has selected only those which illustrate his sermon—and the consistency with which he maintains a tone of solemn outrage through two hundred pages is in itself a minor conquest of nature.

When his subject is the White Sands Proving Ground for rockets or the secret city of Los Alamos, his tone is not misplaced, though it sometimes comes a cropper by contrast when he quotes, as he can hardly help doing, the humorous banter with which his American devils carry on their push toward the throne of God. Herr Jungk is likewise justified in viewing with alarm the methods of efficiency experts, the excesses of advertising, and the influence on children of the "Pied Piper," TV.

But this Savonarola becomes a little ludicrous when he condemns the "earthly paradise" of the Imperial Valley because it is man-made, rails at the evil of rain-making, and excoriates the blasphemous speed with which a skyscraper is built—I hope, for his sake, that he wasn't present the other week when a skyscraper was surfaced, largely in one day. And his insistence throughout on taking the part for the whole and the tendency for the *fait accompli* not only becomes wearing but also leaves the impression in the reader's mind that this humorless man with an *idèe fixe* could himself do with a little of the humility he advocates.

Still, the tendency to put the conquest of nature, in itself amoral, to immoral and inhumane uses does present dangers (this is an understatement induced by the overstatement of Herr Jungk); and Americans are in a position to sort out the justified alarums from the hysterical excursions.

Non-Americans are not, and perhaps the most interesting fact about *Tomorrow Is Already Here* is that it is being published in eleven countries. It will probably get a wide reading and it should help us to keep the cup in the international unpopularity contest, for it is perfectly tailored to that universal desire to believe the worst of the USA which is a mark of the age.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Subverter of Order

IN TIMES of distressful uncertainties men of wit take refuge in the Greeks. So it was in the days of the evil Roman Emperors; so it was in French Revolutionary times. So it is coming to be today. I have been astonished to meet business men, building superintendents, semi-contented wives, reading Jowett's Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides, Demosthenes on the Crown, and Andocides I never read myself.

The Escape of Socrates, by Robert Pick (Alfred A. Knopf; $3.95.)

Why? Because the Greeks, living under more furious uncertainties than any people who have lived since, yet knew how to live blithely and die serenely.

This novel of Robert Pick, *The Escape of Socrates,* is an early and brilliant

Teachers

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essay in our return to the Greeks. Written in the current vernacular of the American street, it is yet as profoundly Greek as the Phaedo. You meet Socrates and his friends as intimately as at a lunch in the Cosmos Club. You meet the accusers of Socrates as intimately as you might meet McCarthy. You enter into the soul of Socrates, bent on escaping. On escaping the cup of hemlock? That would have been easy. But the temptation to live at the cost of true principles, the Laws, the eternal glory of a brave philosopher, that was impossible. The temptation was as powerful as life, but the conscience of Socrates was more powerful than death.

Why did the Athenians vote to put Socrates to death? The charges against him were impiety, and corruption of the youth through promoting "innovation," Greek for "subversion." Robert Pick, building on the fact that the accuser Amyntas was a tanner, dependent on the supply of hides from the sacrifices to the gods of oxen, had good reason to be enraged at the alleged flouting of the gods by Socrates. Well, perhaps. But Robert Pick makes Amyntas worry because slanderers might say he had interested motives. This is non-Greek. For the Greeks may have been liars, but they were not hypocrites. If they had interested motives, they pushed them. For all men could understand interested motives. Suppression of interested motives, hypocrisy, is a Christian vice unknown to the Greeks.

There is another current explanation of the condemnation of Socrates. He was the center of a group of young aristocrats who dreamed of taking over the Athenian state. The outstanding figure in the group was Alcibiades, who with a little better luck could have been an Alexander, unifying Greece, or at worst, a Mussolini. The Athenian democracy condemned Socrates for "impiety," for which they did not give a hoot. They never quarreled with the monotheism of Aristotle, or the atomism of Democrites. But they added the charge of "subversion," subversion of the youth to ideas of Fascism. It was not an unjust charge, for was not Socrates sold on the idea of a state governed by the well born and well bred, as have been his disciples in America, Alexander Hamilton and Madison?

ALVIN JOHNSON

Schoolboy's World

ALTHOUGH L. P. Hartley has been publishing fiction since 1924, *The Go-Between,* which was a great critical and popular success in England last year, is his first book to appear in this country. This piece of dazzling virtuosity recalls older and more spacious traditions in fiction, for Mr. Hartley is that now very rare item, a writer who can encompass more than one major theme within the limits of a single novel.

Americans may be put off at first because *The Go-Between* begins with an account of goings-on in an English private school in 1900 and because the central character is a sensitive 13-year-old who tries, with indifferent success, to act according to the dictates of a schoolboy-cum-middle class code. There have been too many sensitive schoolboys in English fiction; one almost always knows exactly what to expect of them; and when they are placed even 20 years back in time they are likely to become embarrassingly quaint. But Leo Colston is not cut in the familiar pattern, and his anxious concern over what is done and what is not done is Mr. Hartley's way of working out one of his themes: the gradual ascendancy in most people of what we like to call knowledge of the world at the expense of the wisdom of the heart. Certainly, too, this schoolboy world, since it comes entirely alive, is closer to us than the childhood world evoked by so many contemporary American writers, that Eden lost but nonetheless excessively cultivated in which children are either sensitive plants or monsters of preternatural intelligence or evil. Its first and best fruits were *The Turn of the Screw* and *What Maisie Knew,* and, later, *A High Wind in Jamaica.* But its current crop, its catchers in the rye who are intended to "touch" and its trees of night and grass harps which seek to touch and to shock simultaneously spring from exhausted soil. Mr. Hartley has happily avoided all this. *The Go-Between* does create, beautifully, the events of 19 days in July, 1900, as Leo Colston lived through them and felt them. But the creation is twofold, for we also know exactly how he saw and felt those events in recollection 50 years later. The double view is sustained throughout.

The Go-Between, by L. P. Hartley (Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.)

As a schoolboy who has all a child's capacity for wonder he has been able to turn even commonplace experience into something rich and strange. Then, while spending his summer holidays in Norfolk with a wealthy family, he finds himself acting as letter-carrier and go-between for the daughter of the house, his first love and the goddess of his adoration, and her lover, a beautiful but rather witless farmer. (There is no trace of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" here; Marian Maudesley and Ted Burgess are simply magnificent animals in the grip of uncontrollable passion.) He acts for them as an imaginative schoolboy in love for the first time and anxious to please would act. But as he slowly becomes aware of the naked fact of passion and when he learns that Marian's family is anxious for her to marry a desirable viscount, imagination and instinct yield to conventional morality: marriage to a nobleman is desirable; it is unsuitable for a woman about to become engaged to one man to write love letters to another; above all, "spooning" is a silly and perhaps shameful pastime. He must not tell—schoolboys never tell—but he does act to end the affair.

There is much to give body to the straightforward if sometimes lurid events on which Mr. Hartley has trained his double view that the multiplicity of his preoccupations and intentions can only be indicated here. The disparity between the wisdom of the heart and knowledge of the world which has been noted earlier is closely related to his vision, Jamesian in its intensity, of innocence and experience as likely to suffer when confronted by passion and experience. He sees, too, how the very ignorance of innocence contrives to pull down the pillars of the temple on others and on itself. Our lives, he seems to be saying, are forever turning out unlike anything we had planned or even feared, yet they are largely of our own making, for we are fairly free to act though action carries incalculable consequences.

Mr. Hartley is also concerned with the reality of our dreams and the dream-like quality of what we take for the real. "The past," muses the 65-year-old Leo in the opening sentence, "is a for-

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eign country: they do things differently there." We share with him the reality of this past, the first golden summer of the new century. We even note how the temperature went up and down and by what few degrees between Tuesday, the 10th, and Thursday, the 26th of July. But Leo, like schoolboys now, or at least then, has dabbled in magic and the casting of spells. He equates the Zodiac with his creation, the un-daily, god-like world of Marian Maudesley and her family. In it Marian is the Virgin and her farmer lover is the Water-Carrier.

Indeed, Mr. Hartley's central theme is the power of the imagination. Leo is a child of his class and is trying to accommodate himself to its mores. Yet ignorance and imagination enable him to walk for a time in the Maudesley Arcadia. In its midst the Deadly Nightshade, *atropa belladonna,* flourishes in rank beauty unnoticed in a neglected outhouse. When he destroys the plant because imagination has made it the symbol of the passion between Marian and her lover he is using magic to meet the demands of morality. Like most magic in the hands of mortals, the symbolic act works too well. It destroys Arcadia and it returns Leo to a world in which he can no longer feel:

> . . . I had invoked these powers against each other, had tried to set the Zodiac against itself. In my eyes the actors in my drama had been immortals, inheritors of the summer and of the coming glory of the twentieth century. . . . [Now] whichever way I looked, towards the world of experience or the world of the imagination, my gaze returned empty. I could make no contact with either, and lacking the nourishment these umbilical cords convey I shrank into myself.

ERNEST JONES

Notes on the Critics

ROBERT PHELPS is a young novelist. HERMAN FINER is Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago and the author of *Theory and Practice of Modern Government.* MARGARET MARSHALL is a well-known critic, formerly literary editor of *The Nation.* ALVIN S. JOHNSON, President Emeritus of the New York School for Social Research, was formerly an associate editor of the *New Republic.* ERNEST JONES reviews English fiction for American magazines.

FILMS

BY NOW, we have received so much learned instruction on the symbolisms of Western films, that it isn't easy to tell when one is meant to be a plain old hoss-opera. In fact, if we follow some critics, there is no such thing as an insignificant Western. The least of the lot, made on a quickie budget with the actors saving rehearsal time by improvising speeches, changing names and places in dialogues they learned from their first "oaters," is a profoundly meaningful example of a peculiarly American morality play. Some sophisticates express impatience with any tampering with the pure formalities of the genre—as balletomanes are outraged at innovations in classical ballet, or as children become furious if one tries to vary their bedtime stories.

In this view, the structure of the Western has been established once and for all, the content irrevocably prescribed. The problem of the film writer, the director and his actors and technicians is one of interpretation, not composition. At most, they may aspire to the limited freedom of the virtuoso performer. Their artistry will be expressed in the richness of nuance with which they can invest the accurate rendition of their roles, in the manner of master concert musicians, or skilled artists of the stylized Japanese Kabuki theatre.

The mass public frequently confounds the sophisticates by supporting Westerns which are "impure"; a recent example is *High Noon,* which excited a lot of informed disdain, while having an outstanding success at the box-office. At times, it appears as if some of the serious film critics care more about establishing the short-lived traditions of the screen as immutable, than about measuring each film according to flexible criteria of quality. And the film producers often seem constricted by the long-hair theorizing, rather than liberated by it.

Garden of Evil, from Twentieth Century-Fox, deliberately strives for the critical ideal, but succeeds in substituting talk for characterization, and hard riding hither and yon over superb landscape for meaningful action.

When Susan Hayward arrives at the sleepy Mexican port to recruit assistance in rescuing her husband, Hugh Marlowe, from a caved-in gold mine in the interior, we know that her party must include the three Americans stranded on their way to the California goldfields, and a heroically manly Mexican, Victor Mendoza.

We learn that the woman's devotion to her trapped husband is largely guilt, having suborned him into ruining his life in a quest for luxury. The qualities of the others are finally revealed in the trip back from the mine, a running conflict with Indians who represent the ubiquitous challenge of natural forces. The crippled husband predictably sacrifices himself, the weakling and the Mexican die their foregone deaths, the noble gambler stays to hold off the Indians while the last two get away. The moral is that some must sacrifice so others may survive. But it is the favored good who survive, the less worthy make this possible—in Hollywood's manner of paganizing the Christian moral with a happy ending, here and now.

Not only the pretentious theme hung on the flimsy story, but the studied perorating to fill the hollow characters, reveal the futility of the film's self-conscious profundity. In fact, without the speeches, we might be better off. Witness the following exchange: "I have found that pretty women speak the same language everywhere in the world."—"What about ugly ones?"—"Never listen." Even the strong, silent archetype must put his silent virtues into words: "If the earth were made of gold, I guess men woud die for a handful of dirt."

Screen-writer Frank Fenton overwrites, and it is hard for the actors not to over-act—although they try. Director Henry Hathaway tries to fill the screen with stunning scenery, photographed by Milton Krasner and Jorge Stahl, Jr., but he's stuck with the story, too, and can't liven the leaden symbolisms by riding them over purple hills at breakneck speed. Most revealing is Bernard Herrmann's score, complete with an echo of "Dies Irae" as Susan Hayward pokes around a ruined chapel. The music often sounds good—too good, for it is conceived in a tenor of heroic depth that gives the lie to the goings-on.

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

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THEATRE

MUCH of the great dramatic criticism —Hazlitt's or Shaw's—was a rather incidental part of a great career in literature; but there are also instances of a whole lifetime principally and profitably dedicated to dramatic criticism. In our day the leading example on this side of the water is George Jean Nathan and, on the other, James Agate. The fact that the latter is almost unknown in this country—*The Later Ego* is the only thing of his to find an American publisher—would be sufficient reason for devoting a column to him. Yet I bring the name of Agate forward less for the mere fact of neglected merit than because his *kind* of merit seems, unhappily, to require, as well as deserve, an apologia.

I can say this in all modesty because I myself have long under-rated this critic. I first read him in the thirties when I was a boy and he was critic of *The Sunday Times* and, in my view, a fogey. He had all the standard opinions and attitudes, it seemed to me, of a crusty old codger. He was no great shakes in the analysis of plays, which I had decided was my specialty. He was very inhospitable to all that I regarded as important in the new drama—continental Expressionism, the home-made Expressionism of Sean O'Casey, the poetic drama of Eliot and Auden. In fact, intellectuals, Bohemians, and leftists—the three at the time were one—were his pet hate. And it was doubtful if he knew the difference between a real intellectual like Eliot and a semi-intellectual like J. B. Priestley. Of the newest names on the continent, like that of Brecht, I suppose he had never even heard.

Can it be that the real merits of a dramatic critic—as has been alleged of other artists—reveal themselves only after death? A curious irony, indeed, if this seemingly most ephemeral of the arts should actually show its true face under the aspect, if not of eternity, at least of history! Not, certainly, what the drama critic's reviews "add up to" when they are collected is the measure of his achievement. Together, they constitute his "view"—short or long—of the stage. True enough, very few people will ever share this "view" with him. For, if any class of books has a small public, it is books of collected theatre reviews. As Agate once said: "Anybody can write dramatic criticism; it takes a very clever fellow to get it reprinted." He was a very clever fellow. He made up his mind that the English theatre for the period of his labors should not be unchronicled. And, today, anyone who wanted to know about theatre in London over the quarter century 1920-1945 would above all need the collected works of Agate.

Though theatrical reporting is not as easy as those who have not practiced it might imagine—and there have only been few first-rate practitioners in the field—it is not chiefly as reporter that Agate should be known. What does his proper title—that of dramatic critic —comprise? Agate's work is a reminder that a dramatic critic is, in the first instance, a writer. Put it still less pretentiously and say: an entertainer. His column must be something that readers turn to—and read through. Assuming that these readers are intelligent, this will mean that the critic must have personality *and* an axe to grind.

In his later years, Agate doubtless became all too much a "personality." (It's all very well to become a "character" in the world's eyes; when you become one in your own you're lost.) But had he not been a personality all his life long—and this in a sense that we ought to regard as admirable—I should not find myself writing about him now. As for the axes a critic grinds, I mean that a man cannot keep our interest from week to week unless, in addition to "writing well" and "being very bright," he seems to be "getting at," something—call it ulterior motive, *arrière pensée*, bias, violent prejudice. It will do him no good to have a lot *in* his mind unless there is also something—a worry, an itch, a yearning—*on* his mind. In the thirties, we'd just have said he must be a propagandist. And Agate, who was against the propaganda of the thirties, had, thank God, a propaganda of his own, had, in fact, a philosophy of theatre which it was his delight to propagate.

We find it finely and fully stated in his very first volume of dramatic criticism: *Buzz Buzz* by Captain James E. Agate (London, 1918). "To Charles Lamb," he writes, "I owe my extravagant 'idea' of the theatre," thus placing himself squarely in the romantic tradition: behind the figures of the actors he has seen loom the shadows of some he has not seen—Rachel (whose life he wrote), Irving, and, above all, Kean.

After the generation of Lamb and Hazlitt, the most important to Agate was that of his youth—the generation of Ibsen, Shaw, and Wilde. He saw Réjane and Sarah act, and he sat at the feet of the dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, C. E. Montague; *Buzz Buzz* is full of Montague. The atmosphere of the book seems today somewhat "nineties-ish" in the strained decorativeness of the prose and the insistence on the amorality of the artist, yet Manchester is in it too—and an insistence on work and horse sense.

There is a great deal to be said against analyzing any man's character in terms of a single antithesis, yet I cannot resist doing just that to James Agate, who is at once Wildean and Mancunian, delicate and downright, feminine and masculine. If he could be reduced to a formula, this would be it.

In *Buzz Buzz*, Agate scolded Arthur Symons for speaking of "the intrusive little personality of the actor" and preferring puppets; and we find him a couple of decades later scolding Tyrone Guthrie for losing the actors in physical production. He wasn't for Gordon Craig. "The settings and costumes," he wrote on one occasion, "are so good that one does not notice them, and the same goes for the production." He pointed out that in what he considered the best theatre review ever written—Montague on Benson in *Richard II*—we hear nothing of directing or scenery or "production ideas." The theatre is two great arts, playwriting and acting, *and there is no third art to co-ordinate them*: this is Agate's doctrine and he takes for his chosen sphere: acting. We should read him above all for what he says about Robertson, Marie Lloyd, Thorndike, Evans, Gielgud, Olivier. I do not mean to disparage his remarks on other subjects. To print one's review of *The Family Reunion* in verse is itself a brilliant criticism of the play. But he is happiest when he is told "the actors are come." And his retort, like Hamlet's, is "Buzz, buzz," which means: "Don't teach your grandmother."

ERIC BENTLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

►Vito Marcantonio

The *New Republic* does ill service to its readers and its own reputation as a journal of liberal comment on the political scene by printing the article by Gus Tyler (*New Republic,* August 23) as its sole comment on the death and career of Vito Marcantonio. I well understand that the editors of the *New Republic* have disagreed with some of the stands taken by Mr. Marcantonio, and that its pages should be open to those who disagreed with him. But, Mr. Editor, do you honestly believe that the Tyler article is a fair appraisal of a man who has stood on your side of probably 90 percent of the political issues over the past 20 years?

While reading the Tyler article I wondered why his research into Mr. Marcantonio's record in Congress stopped in 1941—after only 5 of the 14 years he spent there. I wondered why the files of the Washington bureau of the *New Republic* had somehow failed to inform Mr. Tyler of so many highlights in that distinguished career—his anti-poll tax bill, which twice passed the House—his FEPC bill (the first ever introduced in Congress)—his exposure of the ghastly silicosis slaughter at Gaulley Bridge, which resulted in some states revising their compensation laws—his annual leadership of the opposition to the Un-American Activities Committee—his leadership of the opposition to Truman's bill to draft the railroad strikers—his single-handed blocking of the Sims bill to toughen the Taft-Hartley Act—his greatest day in Congress, when, moments after Truman announced the Korean "police action," he took the floor to warn the people that their interests were being betrayed. I wondered why Mr. Tyler ignored the tributes paid to Mr. Marcantonio in the House by Representatives Celler, Klein, Multer, McCarthy (Minn.), Keogh, Blatnik, yes, and even Clare Hoffman.

Now I would like to suggest the possible reason for the writing and publishing of this type of article about Mr. Marcantonio. It is hatred based on fear. First, there is fear of being smeared if one says a good word for him even in death. This is the kind of fear that Representative Klein alluded to when he said in the House the day after Marcantonio's death, "I know that every Member of this House who knew him respected him and liked him, although I suppose not many will get up here and say so."

Then there is a second kind of fear which bred hatred of Vito Marcantonio in the hearts of some self-styled liberals. It is fear of being exposed as a phony. One of the roles which Marcantonio played most effectively—in and out of Congress—was exposing sell-outs of the people's interests. Let me cite a single example: for years enough Republicans and Northern Democrats have been so committed that they dare not vote against a civil-rights bill, if the vote is on the record. Therefore, to prevent passage of civil-rights bills, record votes are avoided like the plague by the bipartisan leadership. In 1949, Marcantonio tried time and again in vain to force a record vote on civil-rights measures, until he succeeded on April 4, 1949, in forcing a record vote on his amendment to ban racial segregation and discrimination in the Women's Reserve of the Coast Guard. It was adopted, 193 to 153. Thereupon the Democratic leadership killed the bill by recommitting it on a non-record vote. Only 34 of the 193 Members who, when forced to vote publicly, had just voted against discrimination then had the guts to stand up to demand a record vote on the move to kill the bill. It was actions of this kind in and out of Congress which earned Vito Marcantonio the respect of many even in disagreement with him as well as the bitter hatred of some who professed agreement with him.

I don't know whether or not Mr. Tyler visited the 18th Congressional District while writing his article—some of Mr. Marcantonio's former East End Avenue and Sutton Terrace constituents might doubt it from the "unrelieved slum" remark. I think, however, that the editor owes it to his readers and to himself to pay a visit to East Harlem to check up on the accuracy of his reporter's implication that Communists were responsible for the outpouring of religious indignation over the Catholic hierarchy's refusal of church services.

LUKE W. WILSON

Wellfleet, Mass.

►McCarthy-Hitler Parallel

Will Herberg's "McCarthy and Hitler: A Delusive Parallel" (*NR,* Aug. 23) mustn't pass unchallenged. Few opposing McCarthy entertain the notion that he's the incarnation or exact image of Hitler. However, the parallel was drawn not alone on what McCarthy was doing but on his being capable of imitating Hitler if conditions permitted.

"Legal and constitutional procedures" may have not broken down as yet, but what are the dissensions, suspicions and fears, loss of our prestige abroad, sinking of morale in the armed and diplomatic services, legalization of violations of constitutional and civil rights caused by McCarthy and McCarthyism if not symptoms of political and social deterioration?

MAX BISER

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

And . . .

I agree with Herberg it is important to understand just what Joe McCarthy is. But Herberg's vision is not the true one. McCarthy is not just some rambunctious poltergeist materialized by the liberals in their fear and frustration; he is not just a gamboling gorilla having a wonderful time in a jungle full of ripe fruit for picking and scared animals to terrorize. McCarthy is a cold, scheming political genius and the organization he seeks to dominate is the Republican Party.

DONALD MOORE

New York City

And . . .

McCarthy exhibits a certain *concert of characteristics* that make the parallel to Hitler valid.

Mr. Herberg is certainly correct when he states that the contents of these two "isms" are not comparable. The heart of McCarthyism is vacuous. He has no program. He cannot afford to have a program. A program, a set of ideas, is something that can be grasped and attacked. Since there is no cause to be disputed, no idea to discredit, the only way to defeat McCarthy is to show what

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a phony he is. He is an extremely capable punk who's got himself a gimmick and is going to play it for all its worth.

DONALD H. BLAKE

West Hollywood, Calif.

And . . .

. . . And now a subtly constructed defense of Senator McCarthy by the chameleon-like Will Herberg!

In comparing, one must try to view as complete a picture as possible. I was in Germany in 1930 and I find astonishing resemblances to things happening now. And I remember Dorothy Thompson deciding that Hitler did not count; and this in the early thirties. And yet I would credit greater acumen to Dorothy Thompson than to the less direct Will Herberg.

V. LOUIS GRANVILLE

St. Augustine, Florida

And . . .

. . . I was amazed. I would have expected such dishonest statements as that from Westbrook Pegler, but I never expected to see such an article in the *New Republic*. I get plenty of such rubbish as that in the good old Republican press. When anyone tells me that legal and constitutional procedures have not broken down in this country, he is just taking me for a damn fool, and that I resent.

G. R. SIMPSON

Greybull, Wyoming

And . . .

I was disappointed to see the *New Republic* waste valuable space on Will Herberg's "McCarthy and Hitler . . ."

LEO B. FLAHERTY, JR.

Rockville, Connecticut

And . . .

Mr. Herberg writes that McCarthy is not what "liberals" says he is. Perhaps. Neither are "liberals" what Mr. Herberg says they are.

ALFRED LANSDALE

Washington, D. C.

➤ Outlawing the Communists

The Congress has evidently seen a radical flaw in the American system as conceived by the Founding Fathers and hastened to correct it in accordance with modern ideas of government. The flaw is the power that the American people formerly had to vote for or against whom they pleased. They will never again be permitted to vote against the Communist Party, which argues that they cannot be trusted not to vote for it.

This unlimited electoral power has often produced results that dismayed Senators, Representatives and party leaders alike. They have reason to fear that the people may vote the wrong men into office, or the right men out. Being in office themselves, they are especially well placed to judge who are best qualified to remain in office.

The precedent will, of course, be extended. There are other suspect parties. The American citizen's sacred right of the franchise will not, of course, be infringed; but the Congress can be expected to exercise a paternal supervision over those who are permitted to present themselves as candidates. Instead of being afflicted with the heat of political campaigns and forced to evaluate the conflicting views of many candidates and parties, the voter will be presented only with limited, non-controversial issues (certified by proper authority as being permissible for citizens to discuss) and with the simple choice of only one or two approved candidates to vote for —probably only one.

Thus the absurd radicalism of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Paine will be finally purged from American life, and "we will have a king, like other peoples." Or, in less Biblical terms, a dictator, like the Soviet Union.

STANLEY C. DENZER

Brooklyn, New York

BANDWAGON

EMMET J. KEENAN, local real estate broker and father of five children, announced today his intention of running as a "rugged Republican" for the United States Senate in opposition to former Rep. Clifford P. Case, the Republican nominee.

"I am an Eisenhower Republican who supports Sen. (Joseph R.) McCarthy," said Mr. Keenan. "I believe in the policies of Abraham Lincoln, John T. Flynn, Hilaire Belloc, George E. Sokolsky, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Westbrook Pegler."—*The New York Times*, August 11, 1954.

THE PREMIERE of a five-movement musical work entitled *Symphony in Memory of Eva Peron* was given last night in the Municipal Theatre of Sante Fé. The event marked the third anniversary of the date on which the President's late wife announced she would not be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the nation.—*New York Times*, August 24, 1954.

SENATOR HERMAN WELKER, Idaho Republican, was the first Republican to rise in defense of Senator McCarthy. He denied that his friend had contempt for people, saying Senator McCarthy loved his, Senator Welker's children and his wife, and the children of all Senators.—*New York Times*, July 31, 1954.

THE 1953-54 recession has created confidence. A strange paradox indeed. . . .

General Motors reported a 36 percent increase in earnings despite a 7 percent decrease in sales. . . .

General Motors' improvement in earnings was due entirely to the lower taxes, particularly the end of the excess profits tax. Net income increased $112 million, taxes decreased $306 million.

The Eisenhower economic planning took this drop in taxes into account. It was anti-recessionary. If a company gets richer on reduced volume, executives won't be depressed.—J. A. Livingston in *Indianapolis Times*.

A MAN who identifies himself as the Rev. Tobias Crackerly from President Eisenhower's home town of Abilene, Kan., has been bombarding Washington newspaper offices with what he calls "the new battle hymn of the Republic." First verse and chorus:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out subversives
where the documents are stored.
His work to make our country
free deserves a just reward.
The Truth will soon be known.
Glory, Glory, Joe McCarthy
Glory, Glory, Joe McCarthy
Glory, Glory, Joe McCarthy
The Truth will soon be known."

New York Times, August 30, 1954

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS.

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When Francis Biddle Says:

"The *New Republic* . . . is better every day. I am very much impressed with the literary and art reviews which are *unsurpassed anywhere in this country*. . . ."

BOOKS & COMMENT

New Times, New Values

by Malcolm Cowley

FOR A LONG time we have been hearing echoes of a complaint that was made by John Aldridge in his book about postwar fiction, *After the Lost Generation*. Most of the echoers and complainers are young novelists who are dissatisfied with their work. They say, as Aldridge said, that it is impossible to write good novels today because we are living in a society uniquely lacking in values.

It seems to me that the complaint is by no means new and that the first authors who made it are now buried and forgotten, or revered. These older men, it is true, didn't use the collective plural "values," which is an invention of recent sociologists. Instead they spoke of lost ideals, illusions, faith, belief, standards, piety or conviction, but what they meant was exactly the same. The world was changing for them as it has always changed, and with it the ideals or the sense of life of each new generation.

FOR A CENTURY or more the change has been more rapid. We might say that the acceleration began with the French Revolution or the Industrial Revolution or perhaps it began in 1859, when [illegible] published *The Origin of Species*. [illegible] of the 1860's [illegible] sense of [illegible]

dore Dreiser, for example, read these authors when he was in Pittsburgh working as a young reporter on the *Dispatch*. He tells us that all of them, but especially Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, "quite blew me," intellectually, to bits." He had rebelled against his pious father, but without quite forsaking his father's world. In the second volume of his memoirs, *Newspaper Days*, he says:

> Hitherto, until I had read Huxley, I had some lingering filaments of Catholicism trailing about me, faith in the existence of Christ, the soundness of His moral and sociological deductions, the brotherhood of man. But on reading . . . *First Principles* and discovering all I deemed substantial—man's place in nature, his importance in the universe, this too, too solid earth, man's very identity save as an infinitesimal speck of energy or a "suspended equation" drawn or blown here and there by larger forces in which he moved quite unconsciously as an atom—all questioned and dissolved into other and less understandable things, I was completely thrown down in my conceptions or non-conceptions of life.

Dreiser, had he been living today, would have said that he had been deprived of all values, yet he managed to [illegible] his novels written and found new [illegible] to express. In his last novel, *The* [illegible] which is like an unfinished [illegible] for what might have been his [illegible] he almost completed the [illegible] to [illegible] he did [illegible] the

hard sunlight, and the duckboards in place along the walks, and found self saying compulsively, "It was lies, everything they told me at ho everything they taught me at school. can remember too that I found com in the statement; it wasn't so much wail of a little boy deserted in night as a sort of incantation and a f step toward seeking the truth, where it might still be found.

Later I decided that the statem wasn't so meaningful, even for myse as it had seemed in the bleak sunlig of that New England morning. I did really believe that everything taught in school was a lie, or I would also ha questioned what I was learning in c lege and wouldn't have continued study hard in the hope of making and winning another scholarship th would help me to study harder. What really meant was that I couldn't a longer accept what I had been to about some important matters—such sex, primarily, but also God, the her after, patriotism, right living, and th American ideal of success.

ALL OVER the country in that ye boys like myself were makin similar discoveries as they walke down library steps. Later they would b called the lost generation. It is tru that they suffered from a feeling of los or alienation or deception, but it didn' interfere with their writing novels i they had talent enough to write them What they would reaffirm in the novel was a number of very old and simpl values—in Hemingway, for example these were courage, love, drinking an the obligations of one's craft or métier in Faulkner they were pride, courage again, compassion and love of earth; in all the leading novelists of their age group the values were intended to be fundamental, down-to-rock, and thereby fitted to survive. It was as if these writers had watched many high systems of judgment collapse around them and had afterward tried to build humbler and so they felt, solider structures in their rubble.

Now the process of losing and find- [illegible] values seems to be starting over with another postwar generation—and why [illegible] ? The depressing fea- [illegible] complaint, and that [illegible] novelists who [illegible] him. [illegible] time it is a [illegible] unconsciously

HE VOICES A THOUGHT which is shared by a growing number of persons interested in fine literary criticism. For during the past year alone, the Books and Comment section of the *NR* has published perceptive, original essays and reviews on current books, the drama, art, TV and motion pictures by such talented critics as Saul Bellow, Irving Howe, Malcolm Cowley, Peter Viereck, Lewis Mumford, Delmore Schwartz, Margaret Marshall, Eric Bentley, Sidney Hook, Reinhold Niebuhr, Sir Kenneth Clark, Leslie Fiedler, Robert Penn Warren, Padraic Colum, David Riesman, Allen Tate.

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